

Pl13

UNIVERSITY
OF FLORIDA
LIBRARY



Acc'n
Class Lit.
Sub "Eng.
List See Vol. 10."

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE WINTER'S TALE

ΗΡ. βλέψον δ' ἐς αὐτὴν, εἴ τί σοι δοκεῖ πρέπειν
γυναικί· λύπης δ' εὐτυχῶν μεθίστασο.
ΑΔ. ὦ θεοὶ, τί λέξω; θαῦμ' ἀνέλπιστον τόδε·
γυναῖκα λεύσσω τήνδ' ἐμὴν ἐτητύμως,
ἢ κέρτομός με θεοῦ τις ἐκπλήσσει χαρά;
ΗΡ. οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' ὁρᾷς δάμαρτα σήν.
ΑΔ. ὅρα γε μή τι φάσμα νερτέρων τόδ' ᾖ.
ΗΡ. οὐ ψυχαγωγὸν τόνδ' ἐποιήσω ξένον.
ΑΔ. ἀλλ' ἣν ἔθαπτον εἰσορῶ δάμαρτ' ἐμήν;
ΗΡ. σάφ' ἴσθ'. ἀπιστεῖν δ' οὔ σε θαυμάζω τίχην.
ΑΔ. θίγω, προσείπω ζῶσαν ὡς δάμαρτ' ἐμήν;
ΗΡ. πρόσειπ'. ἔχεις γὰρ πᾶν ὅσονπερ ἤθελες.
ΑΔ. ὦ φιλτάτης γυναικὸς ὄμμα καὶ δέμας,
ὡσ' ἀέλπτως, οὔποτ' ψεσθαι δοκῶν.

EURIPIDES: ALCESTIS
(ll. 1121-1134).

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

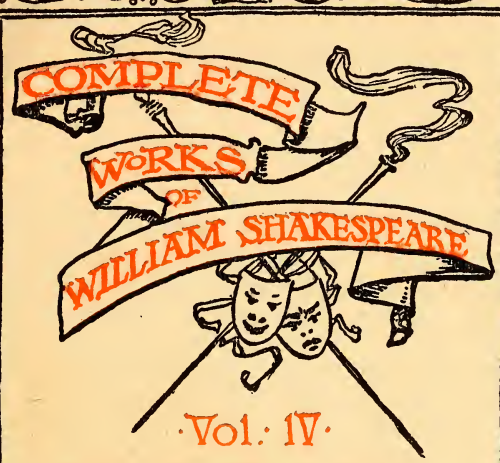
http://www.archive.org/details/completeworksof04shak



T. M. Wright. F. Bacon.

WINTER'S TALE.

...ONTES. Still virginalling



Vol. IV

THE WINTER'S TALE
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
KING JOHN

WITH PREFACE
GLOSSARY &C. BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ
M.A.

IN 10 VOLUMES
WITH 41 ILLUSTRATIONS

PUBLISHED BY DAVID McKAY, 1022 MARKET ST.
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA.

University of Florida

L 830

PREFACE.

The First Edition. *The Winter's Tale* appeared for the first time in the First Folio, where it is the last of the 'Comedies.' It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the 'Names of the Actors' are given.

Date of Composition. (I.) Apart from considerations of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610–11:—(i.) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of Master of the Revels in August 1610. (ii.) Dr. Simon Forman in his '*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*' has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii.) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612–1614): 'If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*."

(II.) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evidence:—

(i.) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV., no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii.) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii.) the logical structure is 'more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's'; (iv.) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view"; (v.) finally, there are the unmistakable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*, 'its companion and complement'—the Romances which belong to the close of the poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> *'O wonder!*
> *How many goodly creatures are there here!*
> *How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world*
> *That has such people in 't!'*

The Sources of the Plot. The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels, *'Pandosto: the Triumph of Time'* (*or, Dorastus and Fawnia*); "wherein," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid

drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.*"* The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, 'Maister of Artes in Cambridge,' whose deathbed utterances, reported in his '*Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*,' anticipated a veritable 'Triumph of Time,' save that *the absolute Johannes Factotum*, 'Maister of Artes in Neither University,' was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, 'the only Shake-scene in a country.' The 'scald, lying, trivial pamphlet' (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale*, at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten; Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he 'beautified himself' with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia*.†

The Novel and the Play. Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:— (i.) in the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii.) her husband destroys himself after becoming enamoured of his unknown daughter; (iii.) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv.) Hermione's character is ennobled throughout; Shakespeare admits no 'incautiousness' on her part, no

* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*. (*Cp.* Coleridge's adaptation.)

† A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido*, as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play!! Æneas says:—

> '*Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,*
> *To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?*'

unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v.) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily, the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi.) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connection with the Alcestis *motif* of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale*, from this latter point of view, suggests comparison with the 'tragi-comedy' of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.*

Autolycus. Shakespeare's rogue has a distinguished pedi-

* *Cp.* the passage quoted above, which has been translated as follows:—

"*Hercules.* Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'erpower my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest.
Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine."
—(W. F. Nevins.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly "lives, though yet she speaks not"; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

gree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX. of the *Odyssey*, 392–8:—

> "*Autolycus, who th' art*
> *Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart*
> *But by equivocation) first adorn'd*
> *Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd*
> *By Jove's descend'nt, ingenious Mercury.*"*

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favourite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI.).†

The Seaboard of Bohemia. Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous '*Conversations*,' recorded that Ben Jonson said, "Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geographical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in 'A Winter's Tale': he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Guilio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the *island* of Delphi!

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim:—

* Chapman's paraphrase (pub. 1616); *cp.* "*My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles.*"

† It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's '*Book of Dives Pragmaticus*,' 1563 (reprinted in Huth's '*Fugitive Tracts*,' 1875).

'It is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom." (Act IV. i. 7–9).

The Duration of Action. *The Winter's Tale*, with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,* may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed 'Unity of Time'—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney's criticism in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, anent the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both 'time and place.' *The Winter's Tale*, perhaps the very last of Shakespeare's comedies, appropriately emphasises, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

"NOW GROWN IN GRACE
EQUAL WITH WONDERING."

* Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. sc. iv. and Act V., *i.e.* the seventh and eighth days.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Four Lords of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.
HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE—*Sicilia, and Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Antechamber in Leontes' palace.*

Enter **Camillo** *and* **Archidamus.**

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal

necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room of state in the same.*

Enter **Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo,** *and* **Attendants.**

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly:' besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We 'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until [sir,
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission

To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady-she her lord. You 'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I, [oaths,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees [you?
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two? [the sun,
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i'
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us and that with us
You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He 'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongue-
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. [less
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours forever.'
Her. 'T is grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.
Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots
that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true

To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre: [be?—
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight. [brother,
Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,

From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man. [*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already, whispering, [rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 't is far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—

For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these noth-
If this be nothing. [ings,
Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 't is true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver

Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, [hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all;
Do 't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.
Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter **Polixenes.**

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region

Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 't is thereabouts:
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk: [ter
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the bet-
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman thereto,
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know ought which does behove my knowl- [edge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him [sel,
That I think honourable: therefore mark my coun-
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
As he had seen 't or been an instrument [swears,
To vice you to 't, that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but I am sure 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!

Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
His execution sworn. [thereon
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?
Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's
nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, [sir, now
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful
Mam. There was a man— [at it.
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter **Leontes**, *with* **Antigonus, Lords**, *and others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him? [never
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: [spider.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
First Lord. By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
''T is pity she 's not honest, honourable:'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she 's honest:' but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.
Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.
Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!
Leon. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!
[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*
First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.
Leon. Hold your peaces.
First Lord. Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
First Lord. Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A prison.*

Enter **Paulina**, *a* **Gentleman**, *and* **Attendants.**

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter **Gentleman**, *with the* **Gaoler.**

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*
Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter **Gaoler**, *with* **Emilia.**

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
Paul. I dare be sworn: [them!
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.
Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Gaol. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter **Leontes, Antigonus, Lords,** *and* **Servants.**

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank

And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there?
First Serv. My lord?
Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter **Paulina**, *with a child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,

Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessings.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'ld call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation [vours
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something sa-
Of tyranny and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
Lords. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You 're liars all. [credit:
First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly served you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,—what will you adven-
To save this brat's life? [ture
Ant. Any thing, my lord,

That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark and perform it, see'st thou: for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*
Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed

Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A sea-port in Sicilia.*

Enter **Cleomenes** *and* **Dion.**

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing!
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A court of Justice.*

Enter **Leontes, Lords,** *and* **Officers.**

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter **Hermione** *guarded;* **Paulina** *and* **Ladies** *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.
Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and

The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty:' mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!
Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
Her. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude [spoke,
To you and toward your friend, whose love had
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy

And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'T is rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.
Off. [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.
Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praised!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.
Leon. How! gone!
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*] How now there! [down
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Prolixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing 't and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:

Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance
Not dropp'd down yet. [for 't
First Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say she 's dead; I 'll swear 't. If word
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring [nor oath
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd [help
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—

I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter **Antigonus** *with a child, and a* **Mariner.**

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
The deserts of Bohemia? [upon
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell! [have
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a **Shepherd.**

Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some 'scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter **Clown.**

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way.

We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Time, *the Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale

Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*

Enter **Polixenes** *and* **Camillo.**

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the

very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*

Enter **Autolycus**, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is

the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice, — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates? — none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Shepherd's cottage.*

Enter **Florizel** *and* **Perdita.**

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders

Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities, [purpose,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,

Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.
Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and others, with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *disguised.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You 're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the sea-
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors, [son
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish [fore
This youth should say 't were well and only there-
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,

And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
Flo. What, like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried, [flowers:
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I 'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up!
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our man-
Come, strike up! [ners.

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel,

he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter **Autolycus**, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these

secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.
Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.
Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.
Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.
Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.
Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.
[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*
Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.
[*Follows singing.*
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to part them.
He 's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont [sack'd
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go

And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it, [bolted
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof, most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith: and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He 's irremoveable,

Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forefend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father 's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,

Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth.
Cam. I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been

hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I could have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We 'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid. [ing.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to [thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity

in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [king

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next shall be to tell the
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter **Clown** *and* **Shepherd.**

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who. I may say, is no honest

man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.
Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?
Shep. I know not, an 't like you.
Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none. [hen.
Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor
Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.
Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.
Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.
Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.
Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?
Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.
Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
Shep. Why, sir?
Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.
Shep. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.
Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.
Clo. Think you so, sir?
Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter

come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you. [blest.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter **Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina,** *and* **Servants.**

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.
Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to 't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes.*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we 're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't

You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 't is strange
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes *and others, with* Florizel *and* Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,

She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a **Lord.**

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has —
His dignity and duty both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court

Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.
Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time

Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before Leontes' palace.*

Enter Autolycus *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but

the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his

found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from

one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter **Shepherd** *and* **Clown.**

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A chapel in Paulina's house.*

Enter **Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords,** *and* **Attendants.**

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee! [
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed, [tracted
With your crown'd brother and these your con-
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,

The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well.
[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is [mine—
I 'ld not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your [fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those [veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: [but
I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I 'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY.

ABIDE, sojourn for a short time; "no more but a." = only make a short stay; IV. iii. 92.
ABOARD HIM, *i.e.* aboard his ship; IV. iv. 850.
ABUSED, deceived; II. i. 141.
ACTION, suit (perhaps "this a. I now go on" = this which I am now to undergo); II. i. 121.
ADDRESS YOURSELF, prepare; IV. iv. 53.
ADVENTURE, venture; I. ii. 38; II. iii. 162; dare, IV. iv. 461.
ADVENTURE OF, risk of; V. i. 156.
AFAR OFF, indirectly; II. i. 104.
AFFECTION, instinct; I. ii. 138; disposition, V. ii. 38.
AFFRONT, confront, come before; V. i. 75.
AIR, breath; V. iii. 78.
"ALACK, FOR LESSER KNOWLEDGE"; *i.e.* "Oh, would that I had less knowledge"; II. i. 38.
ALLOW'D, allowable; I. ii. 263.
ALLOWING, approving; I. ii. 185.
AMAZEDLY, confusedly; V. i. 187.
AMAZEDNESS, amazement, surprise; V. ii. 5.
ANCIENT, old; IV. iv. 79.
ANCIENTRY, old people; III. iii. 62.
ANOTHER, the other; IV. iv. 176; V. ii. 78.
APE, imitator; V. ii. 104.
APE-BEARER, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 94.
APPARENT, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.
APPOINT, dress; I. ii. 326.
APPOINTED, equipped; IV. iv. 594.
APPROBATION, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.
APPROVED, proved, tried; IV. ii. 29.
ASPECT, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.
AT, (?) to; (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord" = "when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.
AT FRIEND (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.
ATTACH, arrest; V. i. 182.
ATTORNEYED, performed by proxy; I. i. 28.
AUNTS, mistresses (*cp.* doxy); IV. iii. 11.
AVAILS, is of advantage, III. ii. 86.
AVOID, depart; I. ii. 462.

BAR, exclude; IV. iv. 431.
BARNE, a little child; III. iii. 70.
BASENESS, bastardy; II. iii. 78.
BASILISK, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.
BAWCOCK, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.
BEARING-CLOTH, "the mantle or cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 116.
BENCH'D, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.
BENTS, dispositions; I. ii. 179.
BIDE, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.
BLANK, "the white mark in the centre of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.
BLENCH, start or fly off; I. ii. 333.
BLESS ME, preserve me; IV. iv. 269.
BLOCKS, blockheads; I. ii. 225.
BLUSTERS, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.
BOHEMIA = the king of B.; I. i. 6.
BOOT, avail; III. ii. 25.
BOOT, profit; IV. iv. 640; "grace to b.", "God help us"; I. ii. 80.
BORING, perforating; III. iii. 92.
BORROW, borrowing; I. ii. 39.

BOSOM, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 565.
BOURN, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.
BRANDS, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.
BRAVE, fine; IV. iv. 202.
BREAK-NECK, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.
BREED, educate; III. iii. 48.
BRING, take, accompany; IV. iii. 113.
BUG, bugbear; III. ii. 92.
BUGLE, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 224.
BUT, but that; V. i. 141.
BUT THAT, only because; II. i. 105.
BY-GONE DAY, day gone by = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

CADDISSES, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 208.
CALLAT, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.
CAME HOME, "did not get hold"; (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.
CAP-A-PE, from head to foot; IV. iv. 739.
CAPARISON, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.
CARBONADOED, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 266.
CARRIAGE, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.
CARVER, sculptor; V. iii. 30.
CENSURE, judgment; II. i. 37.
CENTRE, "the earth as the supposed centre of the world"; II. i. 102.
CHAMBER-COUNCILS, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.
CHANGED, exchanged; I. ii. 68.
CHANGELING, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 119.
CHARACTER, handwriting; V. ii. 37.
CHARGE, weight, value; IV. iv. 259.
CHEAT, (*v.* silly); IV. iii. 28.
CHILD, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 71.
CHILDNESS, childishness; I. ii. 170.
CHURL, peasant; IV. iv. 434.
CIRCUMSTANCE, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90: facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 33.
CLAMOUR (*vide* Note); IV. iv. 249.
CLAP, clap hands, *i.e.* pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.
CLEAR'D, excepted; I. ii. 74.
CLERK-LIKE, scholar-like; I ii. 392.
CLIMATE, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
CLIPPING, embracing; V. ii. 56.
COCK, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 35.
COLLOP, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
COLOUR, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 557.
COMFORTING, assisting; II. iii. 56.
COMFORTS, consolation; IV. iv. 559.
COMMEND, commit; II. iii. 182.
COMMISSION, warrant; I. ii. 144.
COMMODITY, advantage; III. ii. 93.
COMPASSED, gained possession of; IV. iii. 95.
CONCEIT, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea, III. ii. 144.
CONCERNS, is of importance; III. ii. 86.
CONSIDERED, requited, paid; IV. iv. 799.
CONTENT, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
CONTINENT, chaste; III. ii. 34.
CONTRACT, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
CONTRARY, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
COPEST WITH, hast to do with; IV. iv. 426.
CORSE, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
COUNTERS, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 36.
COZENED, cheated; IV. iv. 253.
COZENERS, sharpers; IV. iv. 255.
CRACK, flaw; I. ii. 322.
CREDENT, credible; I. ii. 142.
CRONE, old woman; II. iii. 76.
CROWN IMPERIAL, the *Tritellaria imperialis*, early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
CURIOUS, requiring care, embarrassing, IV iv 516.
CURST, wicked; III. iii. 131.
CUSTOM, "with a c." from habit; IV. iv. 12; trade, custom; V. ii. 103.
CYPRUS, crape; IV. iv. 221.

DANCES, throbs ; I. ii. 110.
DEAD, deadly ; IV. iv. 436.
DEAR, devoted ; II. iii. 150.
DELIVER, communicate ; IV. iv. 500 ; narrate ; V. ii. 4.
DELPHOS, Delphi ; II. i. 183.
DENIED, refused ; V. ii. 134.
DERIVATIVE, transmission by descent ; III. ii. 44.
DIBBLE, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds" ; IV. iv. 100.
DIE, gaming with the dice ; IV. iii. 26.
DIFFERENCE, *i.e.* d. in our stations in life ; IV. iv. 17.
DILDOS, a burden in popular songs ; IV. iv. 195.
DIM ; "violets dim," prob. "of quiet colour, not showy" ; IV. iv. 120.
DISCASE, undress ; IV. iv. 636.
DISCONTENTING, discontented ; IV. iv. 534.
DISCOVER, disclose, shew ; III. i. 20 ; communicate ; IV. iv. 722.
DISCOVER'D, betrayed ; II. i. 50.
DISCOVERY, disclosure ; I. ii. 441.
DISLIKEN, disguise ; IV. iv. 654.
DISPUTE, "discuss, reason upon" ; IV. iv. 402.
DIS'S WAGGON, Pluto's chariot ; IV. iv. 118.
DISTINGUISHMENT, distinction ; II. i. 86.
DIVORCE, separation ; IV. iv. 419.
DO, describe ; V. ii. 61.
DOUBLE, doubly ; V. iii. 107.
DOXY, mistress (a cant term) ; IV. iii. 2.
DRAB, a lewd woman ; IV. iii. 27.
DREAD, apprehension ; IV. iv. 17.
DREAD, awful, revered ; I. ii. 322.
DREAMS, idle fancy ; III. ii. 81.
DUNGY, filthy ; II. i. 157.

EARNEST, earnest-money, handsel ; IV. iv. 648.
"EGGS FOR MONEY," a proverbial expression ; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly ; I. ii. 161.
EMBRACEMENT, embrace ; V. i. 114.
ENCOUNTER, behaviour ; III. ii. 49.
ENCOUNTER, befall ; II. i. 20.
ENFOLDINGS, garments ; IV. iv. 733.
ESTATE, affairs ; IV. iv. 402.
ESTATE, "unspeakable e." *i.e.* great possessions ; IV. ii. 42.
ETERNITY, immortality ; V. ii. 102.
EXCREMENT, beard ; IV. iv. 716.
EXTREMES, extravagance (of praise ; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire) ; IV. iv. 6.
EYED, held in view ; II. i. 35.

FADINGS, a common burden of songs ; IV. iv. 195.
FAIL, failure ; II. iii. 170 ; want, V. i. 27.
FALLING, letting fall ; I. ii. 372.
FANCY, love ; IV. iv. 484.
FARDEL (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle ; IV. iv. 710.
FASHION, kinds, sorts ; III. ii. 104.
FAVOUR, countenance, look ; V. ii. 51.
FEARFUL, full of fear ; I. ii. 250.
FEATLY, neatly, adroitly ; IV. iv. 176.
FEDERARY, accomplice ; II. i. 90.
FEEDING, pasturage ; IV. iv. 169.
FELLOWS, comrades ; II. iii. 142.
FETCH OFF, "make away with" ; I. ii. 334.
FIXURE, direction ; V. iii. 67.
FLAP-DRAGONED, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (*i.e.* snap-dragon) ; III. iii. 98.
FLATNESS, completeness ; III. ii. 122.
FLAUNTS, finery, showy apparel ; IV. iv. 23.
FLAX-WENCH, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax ; I. ii. 277.
FLAYED, stripped, skinned ; IV. iv. 644.
FLOWER-DE-LUCE, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris) ; IV. iv. 127.
FOND, foolish ; IV. iv. 428.
FOOLS, "a term of endearment and pity" ; II. i. 118.
FOR, because ; III. i. 4 ; IV. iv. 86.

FOR BECAUSE, because; II. i. 7.
FORCE, necessity; IV. iv. 425.
FORCED, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
FORCEFUL, strong; II. i. 163.
'FORE, before; III. ii. 41.
FOREFEND, forbid; IV. iv. 532.
FORGES, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
FORK'D, horned; I. ii. 186.
FRAMED, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
FRANKLINS, yeomen; V. ii. 168.
FRAUGHT, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 516.
FREE, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless, II. iii. 30; accessible to all, II. i. 194; eager, ready, IV. iv. 550.
FRESH, youthful; IV. iv. 424; IV. iv. 553.
FRIENDS, "these unknown f. to 's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.
FRIENDSHIPS, kind services; IV. ii. 20.
FROM, away from; IV. ii. 37.
FURNISH'D, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 590.

GALL'D, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.
GALLIMAUFRY, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 329.
GALLOWS, *i.e.* the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 28.
GENTLE, adjective used substantively = gentle one, IV. iv. 46; gentlemen, I. ii. 394.
GENTLY, kindly; IV. iv. 799.
GENTRY, birth; I. ii. 393.
GERMANE, akin, related; IV. iv. 776.
GEST, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.
GILLYVORS, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.
GIVE OUT, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.
GLASS, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.
GLISTERS, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 170.
GLOVES; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 222.
GO ABOUT, intend; IV. iv. 219; attempt; IV. iv. 703.
GOAL, point at issue; I. ii. 96.
GOOD DEED, in very deed; I. ii. 42.
GORGE, stomach; II. i. 44.
GOSSIPS, sponsors; II. iii. 41.
GRACE, favour; III. ii. 47.
GRACIOUS, prosperous, III. i. 22; endowed with grace, IV. ii. 28.
GRAFTED IN MY SERIOUS TRUST, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.
GUST, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.
GUILTY TO, chargeable for; IV. iv. 540.

HALED, dragged; III. ii. 101.
HAMMER'D OF, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.
HAND, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.
HAND-FAST, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 771.
HANGMAN, executioner; IV. iv. 459.
"HAPPY MAN BE'S DOLE," a proverbial expression="May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.
HARLOT, lewd; II. iii. 4.
HAVE, possess; IV. iv. 565.
HAVE AT, I'll try; IV. iv. 297.
HAVING, possessions, property; IV. iv. 721.
HEAT, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.
HEAVINGS, sighs; II. iii. 35.
HEAVY, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 113.
HEFTS, retchings; II. i. 45.
HENT, pass beyond; IV. iii. 124.
HEREDITARY, *i.e.* derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.
HIM, by him (? the man); I. ii. 412.
HOLY, pious, good; V. i. 170; blameless; V. iii. 148.
HOME, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully; V. iii. 4.
HONEST, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.
HOT, active; IV. iv. 686.
HOVERING, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.
HOXES, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' FECKS, in fact; I. ii. 120.

IMMODEST, immoderate ; III. ii. 102.
IMPAWN'D, in pledge ; I. ii. 436.
IMPORTANCE, import ; V. ii. 19.
INCENSE, incite ; V. i. 61.
INCERTAIN, uncertain ; V. i. 29.
INCERTAINTIES, "accidents of fortune" ; III. ii. 169.
INCIDENCY, "a falling on" ; I. ii. 403.
INCONSTANT, fickle ; III. ii. 186.
INDUSTRIOUSLY, "deliberately" ; I. ii. 256.
INJURY OF TONGUES, mischief caused by scandal ; I. ii. 338.
INKLE, a kind of tape ; IV. iv. 208.
INSINUATE, intermeddle ; IV. iv. 737.
INSTIGATION, incitement ; II. i. 163.
INTELLIGENCING, carrying intelligence ; II. iii. 68.
INTELLIGENT, communicative ; I. ii. 378.
INTENTION, aim ; I. ii. 138.
IRREMOVABLE, immovable ; IV. iv. 509.
IT IS, he is ; I. i. 35.

JAR, tick ; I. ii. 43.
JEWEL, personal ornament of gold or precious stones ; V. ii. 35.
JULIO ROMANO (*v.* Note) ; V. ii. 101.
JUSTIFIED, confirmed, ratified ; V. iii. 145.
JUSTIFY HIM, confirm his assertion ; V. ii. 68.

KILN-HOLE, the opening of an oven ; probably the fire-place used in making malt ; a noted gossiping place ; IV. iv. 247.
KNACKS, knick-knacks ; IV. iv. 351.
KNOCK, cuffs, blows ; IV. iii. 28.

LAND, nation ; IV. iv. 8.
LAND-DAMN (*vide* Note) ; II. i. 143.
LASTING, everlasting, eternal ; I. ii. 317.
LAY ME, bury me ; IV. iv. 459.
LAYS ON, does it in good style ; IV. iii. 41.
LEAN TO, incline, tend towards ; II. i. 64.
LET, let remain ; I. ii. 41.
LEVEL, direction of, aim ; III. ii. 81.
'LEVEN, eleven ; IV. iii. 32.
LIST, care, choose ; IV. i. 26.
LIST, listen, hearken ; IV. iv. 543.
LIKE, likely ; II. ii. 27.
LIKE, "an' it like," if it please ; IV. iv. 728.
LIMBER, flexible, easy bent ; I. ii. 47.
LIMIT, "strength of l." limited strength ; III. ii. 106.
LIVELY, naturally ; V. iii. 19.
LOOK OUT ; "makes her blood l.o.," *i.e.* makes her blush ; IV. iv. 160.
LOOK UPON, take notice of ; IV. ii. 37.
LORDINGS, lordlings ; I. ii. 62.
LOSS, be discarded ; II. iii. 192.
LOUD, tempestuous ; III. iii. 11.
LOWER MESSES, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table) ; I. ii. 227.
LOZEL, cowardly fellow ; II. iii. 109.
LUNES, mad freaks ; II. ii. 30.
LUSTY, lively, active ; II. ii. 27.

MAIDENHEADS, maidenhoods ; IV. iv. 116.
MANKIND, masculine ; II. iii. 67.
MANNERLY, decent ; II. i. 86.
MARBLE, "most m." the most hard-hearted ; V. ii. 94.
MARGERY, a term of contempt ; II. iii. 160.
MARK, pattern ; IV. iv 8.
MARTED, traded ; IV. iv. 354.
MARVEL, astonishment ; V. i. 188.
MASTERS, well-wishers, patrons ; V. ii. 163.
MEANER FORM, lower position ; I. ii. 313.
MEANS, tenors or counter-tenors ; IV. iii. 44.
MEASURE, stately tread ; IV. iv. 734.
MEASURE, judge of ; II. i. 114.
MEDICINE, physician ; IV. iv. 588.
MEDLER, busybody ; IV. iv. 323.
MEET, proper, fit ; II. ii. 46.
MEN OF HAIR, dressed in goat-skins to resemble satyrs ; IV. iv. 327.
MERE, absolute ; III. ii. 141 ; only ; III. ii. 145.
MESS, course (of a feast) ; IV. iv. 11.

MIDWIFE, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.
MOE, more; I. ii. 8.
MOIETY, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half, III. ii. 39.
MORTAL, fatal; III. ii. 148.
MORT O' THE DEER, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.
MOTION, puppet show; IV. iii. 95.

NAYWARD, contradiction; II. i. 64.
NEAR, like, resembling; V. ii. 104.
NEAT, used with a quibble upon "neat"=horned cattle; I. ii. 123.
NEAT-HERDS, cow-keepers; IV. iv. 326.
NEB, beak=mouth; I. ii. 183.
NECKLACE AMBER, "an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called 'bead amber,' fit to perfume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv. 224.
NEXT, nearest; III. iii. 125.
NOTE, mark, sign; I. ii. 287; knowledge; I. i. 37; distinction, eminence; IV. ii. 44; mark for measuring time; "shepherd's note"= the shepherd hath observed, noted; I. ii. 2.
NOTED, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'ERWEEN, am overbold, presume; IV. ii. 8.
OF, off(=on); "browzing of ivy"; III. iii. 68.
OF, some of; "you have of," *i.e.* there are some; IV. iv. 217.
OFFICED, "having a place or function"; I. ii. 172.
O' LIFE (Folio "a life"), on my life; IV. iv. 262.
ON, of; II. ii. 23.
ON'T, of it; II. i. 169.
OUT, on the wrong scent; II. i. 72.
OUT OF, without; V. i. 90.
OVER, over us; IV. iv. 656.
OVERTURE, disclosure; II. i. 172.

PADDLING PALMS, toying with hands; used contemptuously; I. ii. 115.
PALE, paleness (with probably a play on the other sense, limit, boundary); IV. iii. 4.
PANDAR, go-between; II. i. 46.
PANTLER, the servant who had charge of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.
PARAGON, pattern of supreme excellence; V. i. 153.
PART, depart; I. ii. 10; divide; I. ii. 18.
PARTAKE, communicate; V. iii. 132.
PARTLET; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale*, where P. is the name of the favourite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.
PARTS, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.
PASH, head; I. ii. 128.
PASSES, surpasses; II. ii. 20.
PASSING, surpassing; IV. iv. 289.
PATTERN, match; III. ii. 36.
PAY YOUR FEES; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.
PEER, peep out; IV. iii. 1.
PEERING, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.
PERFECT, sure; III. iii. 1.
PERFORMED, executed; V. ii. 100.
PETTITOES, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 609.
PHYSICS, heals, cures; I. i. 39.
PICTURE, appearance; IV. iv. 606; painted statue; V. ii. 182.
PIECE, complete; V. ii. 113.
PIECE UP, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.
PIEDNESS, variegation; IV. iv. 87.
PIN AND WEB, the disease of the eyes now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.
PINCH'D, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.
PLACES, position, station; I. ii. 448.
PLACKETS, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 245.
PLUCKING, pulling; IV. iv. 467.
POINTS, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 206.
POKING-STICKS, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 228.

POMANDER, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 600.
PONDEROUS, forcible; IV. iv. 526.
POST; "in p." in haste; II. i. 182.
POSTERNS, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.
POUND AND ODD SHILLING, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 33.
POWER; "to my p." to the best of my power; V. ii. 177.
POWERFUL, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 28.
PRACTICE, artifice, device, III. ii. 167.
PRANK'D up, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.
PREDOMINANT, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.
PREGNANT, made plausible; V. ii. 32.
PREPOSTEROUS, Clown's blunder for *prosperous;* V. ii. 154.
PRESENT, immediate, II. iii. 184.
PRESENTLY, immediately; II. ii. 47.
PRETENCE, purpose, intention, III. ii. 17.
PRIG, thief; IV. iii. 100.
PROFESS, confess, own; IV. iv. 541.
PROFESS'D, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.
PROPER, own; II. iii. 139.
PUGGING, thievish; IV. iii. 7.
PRUCHASED, gained, came to; IV. iii. 27.
PURGATION, exculpation; III. ii. 7.
PURITAN, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 44.
PUSH, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.
PUTTER-ON, instigator; II. i. 141.

QUALIFY, appease, soften: IV. iv. 534.
QUESTION, conversation; IV. ii. 50. "in q." under examination, trial; V. i. 198.
QUICK, alive; IV. iv. 132.
QUOIFS, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 226.

RACE, root; IV. iii. 48.
RASH, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.
REAR'D, raised; I. ii. 314.
REASON, it is just; IV. iv. 409.
REGARD, look; I. ii. 390.
RELISH, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.
REMEMBER, remind; III. ii. 230.
REMOVED, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 112.
REMOVEDNESS, retirement; IV. ii. 37.
REPAIR, restoration; V. i. 31.
REPLENISH'D, perfect; II. i. 79.
REQUIRE, deserve; II. iii. 190; III. ii. 64.
RESOLVE YOU, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.
RESPECTING, considering; V. i. 35.
REVEREND, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.
REVIEW, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 668.
RHEUMS, rheumatism; IV. iv. 401.
RIFT, burst, split; V. i. 66.
RIPE, pressing; I. ii. 332.
ROSEMARY, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.
ROUNDING, murmuring; I. ii. 217.
RUE, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

SAD, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 311.
SAFFRON, a spice used for colouring paste; IV. iii. 46.
SALTIERS, the servant's blunder for *satyrs;* IV. iv. 328.
SAP, life, hope; IV. iv. 567.
SAVOUR, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.
SCAPE, transgression; III. iii. 72.
SEALING, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.
SEAR, brand; II. i. 73.
SECOND; "be second to me," second my efforts; II. iii. 27.
SEEMING, appearance; IV. iv. 75.
SEEMS, appears; IV. iv. 157.
SEIZED, fallen on, overpowered; V. i. 142.
SEVEN-NIGHT, week; I. ii. 17.
SEVERALS, individuals; I. ii. 226.
SHALL'S, shall us (*i.e.* shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.
SHE, love, mistress; IV. iv. 351.
SHEEP-WHISTLING, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 779.

SHEETS; "is sheets," *i.e.* is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
SHORE, put ashore; IV. iv. 840.
SHOULD, would; I. ii. 57.
'SHREW, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
SIGHTED, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
SILLY; "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 28.
SINCE, when; V. i. 219.
SINGULAR, unique; IV. iv. 144.
SINGULARITIES, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
SITTING, interview; IV. iv. 563.
SKILL, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgment); IV. iv. 152.
SLEEVE-HAND, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 211.
SNEAPING, nipping; I. ii. 13.
SOFTLY, slowly; IV. iii. 112.
SOAKING, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
SOLELY, alone; II. iii. 17.
SOOTH; "good s." in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
SO THAT, provided that; II. i. 9.
SPED, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
SPEED, fortune; III. ii. 146.
SPICES, seasonings; III. ii. 184.
SPLITT'ST, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
SPOKE, spoken; I. ii. 106.
SPRIGHTLY, in a sprightly manner (adjective in-*ly* used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
SPRINGE, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 35.
SQUARE, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 212.
SQUARED, shaped; V. i. 52.
SQUASH, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
SQUIER, square, measure; IV. iv. 341.
STAND, fight; III. ii. 45.
STAR; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
STARR'D, fated; III. ii. 99.
STATE, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 428.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
STRAIN'D, turned from the right course; III. ii. 50.
STRAITED, at a loss; IV. iv. 356.
STRANGELY, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
STRETCH-MOUTHED, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 196.
STRONG, forcible; I. ii. 34.
STUFF'D, complete; II. i. 185.
SUBJECT, people; I. i. 40.
SUCCESS, succession; I. ii. 394.
SUDDENLY, immediately; II. iii. 200.
SUFFICIENCY, ability; II. i. 185.
SWEAR OVER, endeavour to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.

TABLE-BOOK, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 600.
TAKE, excite, move; III. ii. 37.
TAKE IN, conquer, take; IV. iv. 579.
TALL; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; V. ii. 172.
TARDIED, retarded; III. ii. 162.
TAWDRY-LACE, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St. Audrey, *i.e.* St. Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 252.
TELL, count; IV. iv. 184.
TENDER, show, introduce; IV. iv. 800.
THAT=O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd by my fears"; "that . . no"="lest"); I. ii. 12.
THAT, so that; I. i. 29; provided that, I. ii. 84, 85.
THEREABOUTS, of that import; I. ii. 378.
THERETO, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.
THICK, make thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.
THOUGHT, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.
THOUGHT ON, held in estimation; IV. iv. 522.
"THREE MAN SONG-MEN," *i.e.* "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 42.
THREE-PILE, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.

THRIVING, successful; II. ii. 45.
TINCTURE, colour; III. ii. 205.
TOAZE (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, *i.e.* pull, tear"; IV. iv. 737.
TOD, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 33.
TODS, yields a tod; IV. iii. 32.
TRAFFIC, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.
TRAITORLY, traitrous; IV. iv. 796.
TRANSPORTED, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 158; borne away by ecstacy; V. iii. 69.
TREMOR CORDIS, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.
TRICK, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.
TROL'-MY-DAMES, the French game of *Trou-madame;* IV. iii. 86.
TRUMPET, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.
TRUNK, body; I. ii. 435.
TUG, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 499.
TURTLES, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

UNBRAIDED, (?) = "not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 204.
UNCLASP'D, revealed; III. ii. 167.
UNCURRENT, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 49.
UNDERGO, undertake; IV. iv. 545.
UNEASY, difficult; IV. ii. 52.
UNFURNISH, deprive; V. i. 123.
UNINTELLIGENT, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 14.
UNROLLED, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 121.
UNSPHERE, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.
UNTHRIFTY, not increasing; V. ii. 116.
UNVENERABLE, contemptible; II. iii. 77.
URGENT, pressing; I. ii. 465.
USE; "the u. on't," having been used; III. i. 14.
UTTER, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 324.

VAST (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 30.
VESSEL, creature; III. iii. 21.
VICE, screw, force; I. ii. 416.
VILLAIN, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.
VIRGINALLING, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small pianoforte)"; I. ii. 125.
VISIBLE, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.
VISITATION, visit; I. i. 6; IV. iv. 557.
VULGARS, the common people; II. i. 94.

WAFTING, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.
WAITS UPON, accompanies; V. i. 142.
WANT, be without; IV. ii. 13.
WANTON, play; II. i. 18.
WARD, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.
WARDEN, a baking pear; IV. iii. 46.
WEARING, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.
WEEDS, garments; IV. iv. 1.
WELKIN, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.
WELL, at rest; V. i. 30.
WHAT, whatever; I. ii. 44.
WHICH, that which; III ii. 60.
WHISTLE OFF (Folio 1, whistle of); perhaps derived from falconry; "to whistle off"=to send off; IV. iv. 247.
WHOO-BUB, outcry, clamour; IV. iv. 618.
"WHOOP, DO ME NO HARM, GOOD MAN," the name of an old song; IV. iv. 199.
WILD, rash; II. i. 182.
WILFUL-NEGLIGENT, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.
WINK, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.
WINKED, closed my eyes; III. iii. 104.
WINNERS, "precious w." winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 131.
WIT, wisdom; II. ii. 52.
WITH, by; IV. iii. 26; V. ii. 66.
WITHOUT-DOOR, outward, external; II. i. 69.
WOMAN TIRED, henpecked; II. iii. 74.
WONDER, admiration; V. i. 133.

WONDERING, admiration; IV. i. 25.
WORN, spent; "w. times," spent youth=old age; V. i. 142.
WORSHIP, honour, dignity; I. ii. 314.
WORTH, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.
WOTTING, knowing; III. ii. 76.
WROUGHT, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

YELLOW, the colour of jealousy; II. iii. 106.
YEST, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 93.
YET, still; I. ii. 51.

NOTES.

I. ii. 44. '*What lady she her lord*'; 'she' has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed 'should,' destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase 'lady she'= 'a woman that is a lady,' taking 'she'='woman'; others print 'lady-she'; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favour this latter view.

I. ii. 70. '*The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd*'; so Folio 1; the later Folios, '*no, nor dream'd*'; Spedding, '*neither dream'd*'; perhaps '*doctrine*' should be read as a trisyllable; a harsh line would, however, result; and the reading of the later Folios has much to commend it.

I. ii. 131-2. '*false As o'er-dyed blacks*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*o're dy'd*'; the words have been variously interpreted to mean 'fabrics dyed over with some other colour,' or, 'dyed too much'; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, 'the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning.'

I. ii. 154. '*methoughts*'; so the Folios in this and other places; this erroneous form was probably due to '*methinks*'; it is noteworthy that the correct '*methought*' occurs a few lines below.

I. ii. 284. '*that*,' *i.e.* 'that of which you accuse her.'

II. i. 11. '*Who taught you this?*' Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, '*taught 'this*' (with an apostrophe before '*this*,' indicating an elision); the later Folios, '*taught this.*'

II. i. 25. *'A sad tale's best for winter';* hence the title of the play.

II. i. 39–41. *'There may be in the cup A spider,'* etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.

II. i. 134. *'I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife'; i.e.* 'I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel.'

II. i. 143. *'I would land-damn him';* so the Folios; *'land-damm,' 'laudanum,' 'lamback,'* (*i.e.* 'beat') *'half-damn,' 'live-damn,' 'landan* (*lantan, rantan*),' *'lant-dam,'* are among the various emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests *'I would—Lord, damn him!'* In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word *'damn'd,'* here uses *'land-damn,'* as a sort of grim quibble for *'landan,'*—a Gloucestershire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (*cp.* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, and *Notes and Queries* iii. 464); *landan, lantan, rantan,* were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.

II. i. 153. *'As you feel doing thus,'* probably=my doing thus to you (*i.e.* touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); *'the instruments that feel'*=my fingers.

II. iii. 178. *'to it own protection,'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'its';* the old possessive form *'it,'* still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 100); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: *'it own,'* may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; *its* (Folio, *it's*) *own,'* to be found in Act. I. ii. 266 is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.

III. iii. 121. *'You're a made old man';* Theobald's emenda-

tion of the Folio reading '*mad*,' confirmed by a passage in Shakespeare's original :—"The goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."

IV. i. 15. '*to it*,' *i.e.* 'the present.'

IV. ii. 4. '*It is fifteen years since*,' etc. ; changed by Hanmer to '*sixteen*,' the number intended by Shakespeare.

IV. iii. 23. '*when the kite builds, look to lesser linen*' ; alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry ; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.

IV. iii. 51. '*I' the name of me——*'; probably, as has been suggested, the Clown's exclamation of '*Mercy*' is interrupted by Autolycus.

IV. iv. 249. '*clamour your tongues*'; Hanmer's emendation '*charm*' has been generally adopted, but '*clamour*' is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote '*Clamour the promulgation of your tongues*') ; '*clamour*' or rather '*clammer*,' is probably radically identical with '*clamber*,' the Scandinavian original of which '*klambra*'='to pinch closely together, to clamp.'

IV. iv. 276. '*another ballad of a fish*'; *cp. e.g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1604.

IV. iv. 433. '*Far than Deucalion off*'; '*far*'='farther'; the Folios all correctly read '*farre*,' *i.e.* the old form of the comparative of '*far*.'

IV. iv. 583. *i' the rear o' her birth*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, ''*our birth*'; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read '*o' our*' for '*o' her*.'

IV. iv. 591. '*appear*,' *i.e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).

IV. iv. 713. '*at palace*'; Folio 1, '*at 'Pallace*'; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."

V. ii. 58. '*weather-bitten conduit*'; changed to '*weather-beaten*'

in Folio 3; but '*weather-bitten*' is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): *conduits* were frequently in the form of human figures.

V. ii. 101. '*that rare Italian master*'; Giulio Pippi, known as 'Giulio Romano,' was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as 'a type of artistic excellence,' makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a 'painted picture.' Much has been made of this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).



H. Corbould C. Heath

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

HOSTRESS You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Initue Sc.

·SHAKESPEARE'S·
·COMEDY·OF·THE·
·TAMING·OF·THE·
·SHREW·

Shakespeare and Marlowe—their joint production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudoMarlowan school, writing about the year 1590–2.

The Date of Shakespeare's Adaptation. *The Taming of The Shrew* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labour Won*. Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even 'as far back as May 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense' (*cp. Chronology of Shakespeare's Plays*, pp. 33–35).

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connexion with his original is considered.* It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between '*A Shrew*' and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the induction and the scenes in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearian portion of '*The Shrew*.'

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearian portions of the play; on the other, Shakespeare's own work

* Meres mentions *King John*, though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of '*The Shrew*.' One should note, too, the mention of *Titus*, and the omission of 1, 2, 3, *Henry VI.*

belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of Adriana, Luciana, and the Dromios of *The Comedy of Errors;* at another, of Hotspur, Kate, and Falstaff of *Henry IV.** Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596–7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601–3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602).

Shakespeare's Share in the Play. As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's; Act I. is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II. i. is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearian portion has been variously assigned :—ll. 169–326; 115–326, with the omission of ll. 241–254; 115–326. Act III. i. may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearian. Act III. ii. is claimed for Shakespeare with the exception of ll. 130–150, or possibly of ll. 1–88, 126–185. Act. IV. i. iii. v. are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act. IV. ii. iv., Act V. i. are similarly throughout non-Shakespearian. Act. V. ii. 1–175 (or 1–181), certainly Shakespeare's. (*Cp.* Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society*, 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America*, 1890.)

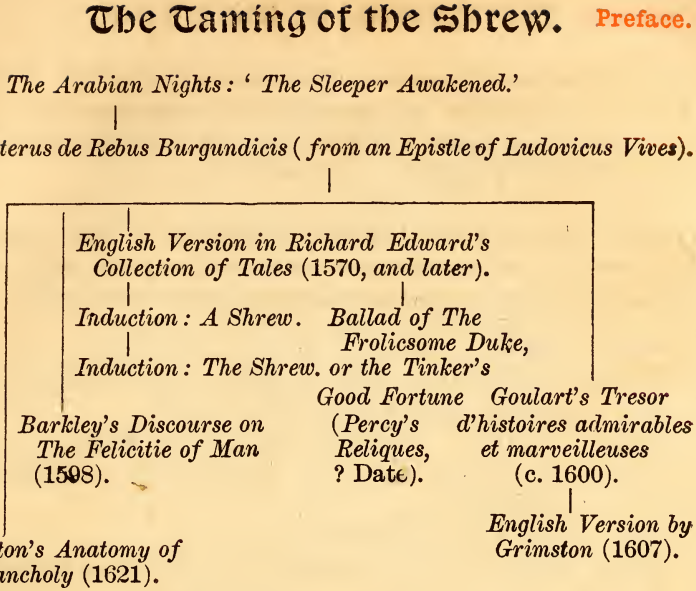
* The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the First Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to '*Sinklo*,' in the Folio; 'Sinklo' acted in 3 *Henry VI.*, an early play, and 2 *Henry IV.* (c. 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of 'a keeper'; in the latter instead of 'a beadle.'

['Nicke,' the messenger, mentioned in Act i. 1, probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

'The Shrew' and 'A Shrew,': some noteworthy Variations. (i.) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterisation is concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii.) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in '*The Shrew*';* in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play:—"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the *Tapster*." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had 'the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life,' &c. (iii.) Further, the scene of action has been changed from 'Athens' to 'Padua.' (iv.) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant 'Ferardo' has given place to the 'whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio.' (v). Kate in '*A Shrew*' has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in '*The Shrew*.' (vi.) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

The Sources. (i.) **The Induction.** The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the '*Arabian Nights*,' whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatised by Calderon in his '*La Vida es Sueño*' ('*Life's a Dream*,' c. 1633), probably from Rojas' '*Viaje Entretenido*,' is perhaps as follows:—

* From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I. i. seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.



(ii.) **The Main Plot.** The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of The Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled '*A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin*' (*before* 1575),* but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII. 2 (published in 1550).

(iii.) **The Under Plot.** The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV. and V. of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.†

* Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew*, in the (old) Shakespeare's Society's publication.

† From this same source, too, the name 'Petruchio' was, perhaps, derived.

(iv.) **The Latin Lesson.** This element (Act III. i.) may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Plays*, VI. 500).

The Duration of Action. According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals, which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I.
Day 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.
Day 3. Act III. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding.
Day 4. Act III. ii.; Act IV. i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?).
Day 5. Act IV. ii. Interval (?).
Day 6. Act IV. iii., iv., v., and Act V. (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days" (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society*, 1877–79. p. 168).

The Tamer Tamed. Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the '*Taming of the Shrew*' in his '*Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*' (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and 'eke her patience,' and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the 'masculine' daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account, aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and 'Commander-in-Chief' Bianca, 'city wives,' 'county wives,' &c. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, 'born again,' and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

'The Tamer's Tamed: but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives:
Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.'

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.— *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

Enter **Hostess** *and* **Sly.**

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa! [burst?

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a **Lord** *from hunting, with his train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound. [lord;

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
First Hun. I will, my lord.
Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?
Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not
warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when
he waked.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit

And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play
As he shall think by our true diligence [our part,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter **Servingman.**

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter **Players.**

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd. [means.

A Player. I think 't was Soto that your honour

Lord. 'T is very true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient. [selves,
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain our-
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit a Servingman.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

Enter aloft **Sly**, *with* **Attendants**; *some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances; and* **Lords**.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?
Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship:' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.
Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I

Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burtonheath, by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn! [droop!

Sec. Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done. [wood,
Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age. [for thee
First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the **Page** *as a lady, with* **Attendants.**

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband? My men should call me 'lord:' I am your goodman.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband; I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. 'Madam,' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd And slept above some fifteen year or more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone. Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two, Or, if not so, until the sun be set: For your physicians have expressly charged, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed: I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy:
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger. *Flourish.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A public place.*

Enter **Lucentio** *and his man* **Tranio.**

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.

Pisa renowned for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?
Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. [for you,
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord! [ward:
Tra. Hush, master! here 's some good pastime to-
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practise by myself. [speak.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved: 90
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my 110 sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.
Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.
Gre. What 's that, I pray? 120

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.
Gre. A husband! a devil.
Hor. I say, a husband.
Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.
Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'
Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
For so your father charged me at our parting,
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?
Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!
Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after, [daughter.
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise [panies:
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, let 's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 't is but begun.
Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 't were done! [*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II. — *Padua. Before Hortensio's house.*

Enter **Petruchio** *and his man* **Grumio.**

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it;
I 'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? 'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.
Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.'
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake

you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here,
rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly'?
And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.
Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry

him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.
Gru. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *disguised.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?
Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.
Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!
Gre. O, very well, I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you

As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!
Pet. Peace, sirrah! [Gremio.
Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior
Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'T is well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me. [prove.
Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. [man?
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What country-
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see. [strange!
Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were

But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio *brave, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't [he you mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go,
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.
Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A room in Baptista's house.*

Enter **Katharina** *and* **Bianca.**

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-self,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I will perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter **Gremio, Lucentio** *in the habit of a mean man;* **Petruchio,** *with* **Hortensio** *as a musician; and* **Tranio,** *with* **Biondello** *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly. [leave.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. [sake.
Bap. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy. [sake.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain
be doing. [wooing.
Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure
of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that
have been more kindly beholding to you than any,
freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting*
Lucentio], that hath been long studying at Rheims;
as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages,
as the other in music and mathematics: his name
is Cambio; pray, accept his service.
Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Wel-
come, good Cambio. [*To Tranio*] But, gentle sir,
methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold
to know the cause of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a **Servant.**

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondello following.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe. [speed!
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. [winds,
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter **Hortensio**, *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. [lute?

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I 'll fume with them:'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*
I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;

Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what 's a moveable?
Kath. A join'd-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should—buzz!
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again, Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'T is with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter **Baptista, Gremio,** *and* **Tranio.**

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 't is thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine. [hands;
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings and things and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's [part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you:
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 't is age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the [city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliases,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;

And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?
Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'T is in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;'
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children: but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Padua. Baptista's house.*

Enter **Lucentio, Hortensio,** *and* **Bianca.**

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.
Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, madam:
'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'
Bian. Construe them.
Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa, 'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love; 'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,' bearing my port, 'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.
Bian. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia

tellus,' I trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that [*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is! [jars. Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love: Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather. [you,

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise I should be arguing still upon that doubt: But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you: Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while: My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait, [*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived, Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument, To learn the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of art; To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, More pleasant, pithy and effectual, Than hath been taught by any of my trade: And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. [accord,

Bian. [*Reads*] "'Gamut' I am, the ground of all
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a **Servant.**

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

Enter **Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio,** *and others,* **Attendants.**

Bap. [*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,

He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'
Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.
Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*
Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why, no, sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is coming.
Bap. When will he be here?
Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there.
Tra. But say, what to thine old news?
Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lam-

pass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter **Petruchio** *and* **Grumio.**

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at [home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*
Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.
Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'
Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter **Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio,** *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate:
I 'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— *Petruchio's country house.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will thaw.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her

horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. [she.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five **Servingmen.**

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what,

you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter **Petruchio** *and* **Katharina.**

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter **Servants** *with supper.*

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?
First Serv. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away:
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter **Servants** *severally.*

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter **Curtis.**

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter **Petruchio.**

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I 'll rail and brawl

And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 't is charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.— *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? [Bianca
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*
Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'T is marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tru. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in Petruchio's house.*

Enter **Katharina** *and* **Grumio.**

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'T is passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter **Petruchio** *and* **Hortensio** *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company. [me.
Pet. [*Aside*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter **Tailor.**

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter **Haberdasher.**

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy:
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. [*Aside*] That will not be in haste.
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. [*Aside*] I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble!
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:
Or I shall so be-meet thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to tes-
Pet. Read it. [tify.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. [odds.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mis-

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use. [tress.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that? [for:

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie! [paid.

Pet. [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your
Even in these honest mean habiliments: [father's
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two:
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. [*Aside*] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

Enter **Tranio**, *and the* **Pedant** *dressed like* **Vincentio.**

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

Enter **Biondello.**

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter **Baptista** *and* **Lucentio.**

Signior Baptista, you are happily met. [you of:
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
We be affied and such assurance ta'en [best
As shall with either part's agreement stand?
Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter **Biondello.**

Bion. Cambio!
Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A public road.*

Enter **Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio,** *and* **Servants.**

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter **Vincentio.**

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!
Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Padua. Before Lucentio's house.*

Gremio *discovered.* *Enter behind* Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, *with* Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They 're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter **Biondello.**

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir. [got me?

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you for-

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter **Pedant** *below;* **Tranio, Baptista,** *and* **Servants.**

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. [Bergamo

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an **Officer.**

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Bion. O! we are spoiled and — yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough; but I 'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *Padua. Lucentio's house.*

Enter **Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio,** *the* **Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio,** *and* **Widow, Tranio, Biondello,** *and* **Grumio:** *the* **Servingmen** *with* **Tranio** *bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.
Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:'
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That 's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad!
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'T is thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 't is done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Bion.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter **Katharina.**

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Bap. Now, fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter **Katharina,** *with* **Bianca** *and* **Widow.**

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when woman are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
[*To Luc.*] 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY.

ABOVE (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4 "about"); Induct. ii. 115.

ACHIEVE, gain, possess; I. i. 157.

ADVERSARIES, opposing counsel; I. ii. 275.

ADVICE, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 116.

ADVISED; "art thou not advised," do you not understand; I. i. 187.

AFFIED, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.

AGENOR; "the daughter of A." *i.e.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 169.

AGLET-BABY, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 78.

AIM'D, guessed; II. i. 237.

AL'CE, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.

"A LITTLE POT, AND SOON HOT," alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 5.

"ALLA NOSTRA CASA BEN VENUTO," &c. Welcome to our house my much honoured Signior; I. ii 25–6.

AMORT, dejected; IV. iii. 36.

AN, if; I. i. 129.

ANCIENT, old, former; Induct. ii. 33; I. ii. 46.

AND ALL ONE, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.

ANGEL, "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.

ANNA, the sister of Dido; I. i. 155.

ANTIC, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 100.

APES; "lead apes in hell," alluding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.

APPLY, *i.e.* "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.

ARGOSY, a merchant-ship; II i. 376.

ARMS, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms;* II. i. 222.

ARRAS, tapestry; II. i. 353.

AS, so that, Induct. i. 71; as if, I. ii. 155; as though, II. i. 159; that, IV. iii. 114.

ASSURANCE, legal settlement; II. i. 389.

AT A BAY, at bay; V. ii. 56.

AWFUL, awe inspiring; V. ii. 109.

BACCARE, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

BALK, "b. logic," *i.e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.

BALM, anoint; Induct. i. 47.

BARS, prevents; Induct. ii. 138.

BASTA (Italian), enough; I. i. 199.

BATE, flap the wings; IV. i, 190.

BEAR-HERD, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 23.

BEARS ME FAIR IN HAND, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.

BEHOLDING, beholden; I. ii. 271.

BELIKE, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 74.

BE-METE, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.

BEMOILED, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 72.

BEN VENUTO, "I shall be your b. v."

i.e. "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 279.

BESTRAUGHT = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 28.

BIAS, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.

BILL, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 150.

BLEAR'D, dimmed; V. i. 110.

BLUE COATS; the dress of common serving-men; IV. i. 87.

BOARD, woo; I. ii. 94.

BOOKS, "put me in thy books," *i.e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 225.

BOOT, avail, use; V. ii. 176.

BOOT-HOSE, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 64.

BOSS'D, embossed, studded; II. i. 355.

BOTTOM, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 136.

BOW'D, bent; II. i. 150.

BRACH, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound ("brach merriman," l. 16, *vide* note); Induct. i. 17.

BRAVE, *i.e.* handsomely clad; Induct. i. 39.

BRAVED, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid.*); IV. iii. 125.

BRAVERY, finery; IV. iii. 57.

BRAVES, bullying; III. i. 15.

BREATHED, in full career; Induct. ii. 50.

BREECHING, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.

BRING = take; IV. i. 173.

BUCKLER, shield; III. ii. 236.

BUGS, bugbears; I. ii. 209.

BURST, broken; Induct. i. 7; IV. i. 77.

BURTON-HEATH, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 21.

BUT, except, unless; III. i. 62; IV. iv. 2.

BUTTERY, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 101.

BUZZ, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (= "bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i. 207.

BUZZARD, II. i. 207–9 (*vide* note).

CAROUSING TO, drinking healths to; III. ii. 169.

CARPETS, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 48.

CART (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.

CAST ON NO WATER, alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water, cast on water!" IV. i. 18.

CENSER, a fire pan which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.

'CERNS = concerns; V. i. 70.

CHAFED, made furious; I. ii. 201.

CHAPELESS, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 46.

CHECKS (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.

CLOSE, secretly; Induct. i. 126.

COCK'S, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 113.

COMFORMABLE, compliant, yielding; II. i. 280.

COMONTY; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 140.

COMPASSED, round; IV. iii. 138.

CONDITIONS; "soft c." gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.

CONSERVES, preserves; Induct. ii. 5.

CONTENTED, pleased; IV. iv. 104.

CONTENTS, pleases; IV. iii. 176.

CONTENT YOU, keep your temper; II. i. 343.

CONTRIVE, while away; I. ii. 273.

CON TUTTO, &c.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.

CONY-CATCHED, deceived, tricked; V. i. 94.

CONY-CATCHING, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 41.
COPATAIN HAT, a high crowned hat; V. i. 62.
COUNTENANCE, do honour to; IV. i. 98.
COUNTERPOINTS, counterpanes; II. i. 353.
COXCOMB, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 226.
CRAB, crab-apple; II. i. 230.
CRACK-HEMP, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 43.
CRAVEN, a beaten cock; II. i. 228.
CREDIT, do honour to; IV. i. 99.
CRIED; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," *i.e.* he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct. i. 22.
CULLION, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.
CUM PRIVILEGIO AD IMPRIMENDUM SOLUM, *i.e.* "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage-rights; IV. iv. 92.
CUNNING, skill, art; Induct. i. 91.
CUNNING, skilful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.
CURIOUS, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.
CURST, shrewish; I. i. 181.
CUSTARD-COFFIN; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.
CYTHEREA, Venus; Induct. ii. 53.

DANCE BARE-FOOT; "I must dance barefoot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.
DECLINING; "d. head into" = head d. into; Induct. i. 118.
DEEP-MOUTH'D, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 17.
DEMI-CANNON, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.
DENIER, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou;* Induct. i. 8.
DIAPER, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 56.
DIGRESS, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 105.
DOG-WEARY; "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.
DOMINEER, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 221.
DOUGH; "our cakes are dough on both sides," etc., *i.e.* we are disappointed; a popular proverb, I. i. 109; V. i. 133.

ELEVEN AND TWENTY, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.
EMBOSS'D, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 16.
EMBRACEMENTS, embraces; Induct. i. 117.
ENCOUNTER, greeting; IV. v. 54.
EXPECT, believe (Folio 2, 'except'); IV. iv. 90.

"FAC'D IT WITH A CARD OF TEN," played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 407.
FAIR, in state, finery; II. i. 17.
"FAIR BEFALL THEE," good fortune befall thee; V. ii. 111.
FARDINGALES = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.
FASHIONS, (a corruption of *farcins*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 50.
FAULT; "coldest f." *i.e.* absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 19.
FAY, faith; Induct ii. 83.
FEAR, frighten; I. ii. 209.
FEARS, used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.
FEW; "in a few," *i.e.* in a few words; I. ii. 51.
FINE, smart; IV. i. 131.
FIVES, a disease in horses; III. ii. 52.
"FLORENTIUS' LOVE"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis;* a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale); I. ii. 68.
FLOUTS, mocks; II. i. 29.
FOOL, a professional fool; I. i. 65.
FOR ASSURANCE, to make sure; V. ii. 65.

FOUL, ugly, deformed ; I. ii. 68.
FRETS, stops of the lute ; II. i. 149.
FRETTING, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense) ; II. i. 330.
FROWARD, refractory ; I. i. 69.
FULL, exactly ; I. i. 199.
FURNITURE, dress, furnishings ; IV. iii. 178.

GALLIASSES, large galleys ; II. i. 380.
GAMBOLD, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time ; hence used by Sly ; Induct. ii. 140.
GAMESTER, used contemptuously ; II. i. 402.
GAWDS, ornaments, trifling toys ; II. i. 3.
GENTLES, gentlemen ; III. ii. 91.
GIFTS, endowments, abilities ; I. i. 106.
GIRD, gibe ; V. ii. 58.
GIVE OVER, leave ; I. ii. 104.
GOD-A-MERCY, God have mercy ; IV. iii. 152.
GOGS-WOUNS, a corruption of "God's wounds" ; III. ii. 158.
GOOD SHIPPING, a good voyage, good luck ; V. i. 40.
GRACE, a kindness ; I. ii. 130.
GRAMERCIES, *i.e.* "grands mercies," great thanks ; I. i. 41.
GRATIFY, reward ; I. ii. 270.
GREEN ; "whiles your boots are green," *i.e.* (?) freshly greased, or fresh, new ; (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out") ; III. ii. 208.
GRISSEL, the typical instance of womanly patience ; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's Clerk's Tale ; II. i. 297.

HAGGARD, a wild hawk ; IV. i. 187.
HALED, pulled away by force ; V. I. 102.
HALT, limp ; II. i. 258.
HAND ; "at any hand," in any case ; I. ii. 145.
HAP, good luck ; I. ii. 266.
HAPPILY, haply, perhaps ; IV. iv. 54.
"HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE," happiness be his portion ; I. i. 140.
HARD ; "that goes hard," that's bad ; IV. ii. 80.
HA' TO THEE, here's to thee ; V. ii. 37.
HAVE, get ; Induct. ii. 39.
HAVE TO 'T, set to it : I. i. 140.
HE=man ; III. ii. 231.
HIC IBAT SIMOIS, etc., from Ovid, *Epist. Heroid.* I. 33 ; III. i. 28-9.
HIGH-CROSS, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected ; I. i. 134.
HILDING, term of contempt, menial ; II. i. 26.
HIPPED, covered to the hips ; III. ii. 46.
"HIT THE WHITE" ; hit the centre of the target ; with allusion to *Bianca* (white) ; a term in archery ; V. ii. 189.
HOLIDAME, halidom ; "by my halidom,"=upon my sacred word or oath ; V. ii. 99.
"HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES," probably the title of a collection of ballads ; III. ii. 69.
HUNGERLY, hungrily, scantily ; III. ii. 173.
HURLY, hurly-burly ; IV. i. 197.
HUSBAND, economist, housekeeper ; V. i. 64.
HUSH, husht ! (*cp.* "hist," "whist") ; I. i. 68.

IDLE, absurd ; Induct. ii. 16.
INDIFFERENT, equally ; I. ii. 179.
INDIFFERENT ; "garters of an indifferent knit," *i.e.* tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously ; IV. i. 87.
INGENIOUS, probably "ingenuous" ; Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately ; I. i. 9.
INGRATE, ungrateful ; I. ii. 267.
INTEND, pretend ; IV. i. 197.
INTOLERABLE=intolerably ; I. ii. 88.
I WIS, *i.e.* iwis, truly ; I. i. 62.

JACK, a term of contempt ; II. i. 158.
"JACK, BOY ! HO ! BOY !" the com-

mencement of an old catch ; IV. i. 39.

JACKS . . . JILLS ; drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men-servants, and "jills," maid-servants ; IV. i. 47.

JADE, worthless nag ; I. ii. 246.

JEALOUS, suspicious ; IV. v. 76.

JOIN'D STOOL, a kind of folding chair ; II. i. 198.

JOLTHEADS, blockheads ; IV. i. 161.

JUMP, agree ; I. i. 191.

JUNKETS, dainties ; III. ii. 245.

KATE, a play on *Kate* and *cat;* II. i. 279.

KATED, perhaps with a play upon *cat;* III. ii. 242.

KATES ; "Dainties are all Kates" ; a play on the word *cates ;* II. i. 189.

KEEP YOU WARM ; referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm" ; II. i. 268.

KENNEL, gutter ; IV. iii. 98.

KINDLY, "let him come and kindly" ; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference ; Induct. i. 14 ; in a natural manner ; Induct. i. 65.

KNACK, knick-knack, trifle ; IV. iii. 67.

LAMPASS, a disease in horses ; III. ii. 49.

LAYING ON, laying a wager on ; V. ii. 129.

LEDA'S DAUGHTER, *i.e.* Helen ; I. ii. 241.

LEET, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures ; Induct. II. 89

'LEGES=alleges ; I. ii. 28.

LEWD, vile ; IV. iii. 65.

LIE, stay, lodge ; IV. iv. 56.

LIEF, gladly, willingly ; I. i. 132.

LIKE, likely ; IV. iv. 66.

LIKE OF=like ; II. i. 65.

LINK, a pitch torch ; IV. i. 129.

LODGING, chamber ; Induct. i. 48.

LONGLY, a great while, a long time ; (? longingly) ; I. i. 166.

LOOK BIG, angrily ; III. ii. 225.

LOVELY, loving ; III. ii. 121.

LURE, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk ; IV. i. 186.

LUSTY, lively ; II. i. 160.

MAIDENHEAD, maidenhood ; III. ii. 222.

MALT-HORSE, a brewer's horse ; used as a term of contempt ; IV. i. 124.

MAN, tame ; IV. i. 187.

MARR'D . . . MADE, a favourite quibble in old English literature ; the two words were pronounced almost alike ; IV. iii. 115-116.

MARRIED O' SUNDAY ; "we will be married o' Sunday" ; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister ;* II. i. 326.

MART, bargain ; II. i. 329.

MASQUING, masquerading ; IV. iii. 87.

MEACOCK, timorous, worthless ; II. i. 315.

MEANER, of lower rank ; I. i. 206.

MERCATANTE (spelt "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant ; IV. ii. 63.

MERRY PASSION, merriment ; Induct. i. 96.

MESS, course ; IV. iv. 70.

MEW UP, shut up ; I. i. 87.

MINION, saucy wench ; II. i. 13.

MI PERDONATO (Folios "me pardonato" ; Quarto "me pardinato"), me being pardoned ; I. i. 25.

MODESTY, moderation ; Induct. i. 67.

MOSE IN THE CHINE, a disease in horses ; III. ii. 49.

MOVED, angry ; V. ii. 142.

NAPKIN, handkerchief ; Induct. i. 126.

NEAT, ox ; IV. iii. 17.

NEWS ; "what's the news?" what does this mean ? I. i. 226.

OF=for ; II. i. 237 ; on ; IV. i. 65 ; V. ii. 72.

OLD, used intensitively ; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow," III. ii. 30.

ON=of; IV. i. 27.
ORCHARD, garden; II. i. 111.
OR ERE, before; IV. v. 8.
OTHER, others; I. ii. 120.
OVER-EYEING, witnessing, seeing; Induct i. 94.

PACKING, plotting; V. i. 112.
PAIN, pains, toil; III. i. 12.
PALABRIS; "paucas pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.
PANTALOON, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy; III. i. 37.
PARLE, parley; I. i. 116.
PASS, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact; IV. iv. 57.
PASSING, surpassing; Induct. i. 66; II. i. 112.
PEAT, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.
PEDANT, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.
PEDASCULE, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 50.
PHEEZE, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct. i. 1.
PLASH, pool; I. i. 23.
POINTS, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 46.
PORRINGER, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.
PORT, style of living; I. i. 204.
PRACTISE, plot, play, a trick; Induct. i. 35.
PREFER, recommend; I. i. 97.
PRESENT, immediate; IV. iii. 5.
PRESENTLY, immediately; IV. iv. 59.
PRICKS, incites; III. ii. 69; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in; III. ii. 66.
PROCEEDERS; perhaps used equivocally; to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.
PROPER, handsome; I. ii. 142.
PUT FINGER IN THE EYE, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 79.

QUAINT, fine (used ironically), III. ii. 145; elegant; IV. iii. 102.
QUANTITY, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

RATED, driven away by scolding; I. i. 161.
RAYED, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 51; IV. i. 3.
REBUSED, Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.
RECKONING, description; IV. i. 81.
REDIME TE CAPTUM, &c., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst"; quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 163.
RESTS, remains; I. i. 246.
REVEREND, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 198.
RING, the prize ring; I. i. 141.
ROPE-TRICKS, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric"; (*cp.* the Nurse's "ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154); I. ii. 111.
ROUNDLY, straightway, directly; I. ii. 59; bluntly; III. ii. 211; without needless ceremony; IV. iv. 106; used with a play on the word; V. ii. 21.
RUDESBY, rude clown; III. ii. 10.
RUFFLING (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.
RUSHES STREWED; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 44.

SACK, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 3.
SADNESS, seriousness; "in good s." in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.
SCRIVENER, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.
SEALED QUARTS, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 90.
SECRET, confidential; I. i. 154.

SEEN; "well seen," well-skilled, skilful; I. ii. 133.
"SEIZE THEE THAT LIST," *i.e.* let them take thee that will; III. i. 91.
SESSA, "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct i. 6.
SHEATHING, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 130.
SHEER ALE, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 26.
SHOULD; when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 157.
SHREWD, bad, evil; I. i. 181.
SIMPLE, foolish; V. ii. 161.
SITH, since; I. i. 212.
SKILLS, matters; III. ii. 130.
SKIPPER, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth;* II. i. 341.
SLIPP'D, started, let slip; V. ii. 52.
"SOCRATES' XANTHIPPE" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"); the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 70.
SOUD, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 137.
SORTED TO NO PROOF, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.
SO VERY=so great; I. i. 125.
SPECIALTIES, special deeds; II. i. 126.
SPEED, succeed; I. ii. 244.
SPLEEN, sudden impulse of mirth; Induct. i. 136; ill temper; III. ii. 10.
SPOKE=spoken; II. i. 192.
STALE, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stalemate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 90.
STAND, withstand; I. ii. 112.
STAY, restrain; Induct. i. 133.
STEAD, aid; I. ii. 263.
STILL, continually; IV. i. 201.
STOCK, stocking; III. ii. 63.
STOMACH; perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite" and "choler"; IV. i. 153.
STOOP, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 185.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; Induct i. 51.
SUITS; "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 105.
SUPPOSES, assumed characters; *cp.* Ariosto's "I Suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as "*The Supposes*"); V. i. 110.
SWEETING, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.
SWIFT, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.
SWINGE, lash; V. ii. 104.

TA'EN; "orders . . . ta'en," *i.e.* given; I. ii. 125.
TALL, fine; IV. iv. 17.
TENDER, tend; Induct. i. 15.
TENTS AND CANOPIES, probably bed-hangings; II. i. 354.
THIRDBOROUGH (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 11.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.
TOOK, gave; III. ii. 161.
TOWARD, at hand; I. i. 68; obedient; docile; V. ii. 182.
TOY! a trifle; nonsense! II. i. 404.
TRICK, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
TROT, woman, hag; I. ii. 78.
TRUNK, broad, large; IV. iii. 140.
TURTLE=turtle-dove; II. i. 209.
TWANGLING, twanging; II. i. 158.
TWINK, twinkling; II. i. 312.
TWO-AND-THIRTY, A PIP OUT, "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty"; pip=a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

UNABLE, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.
UNAPT, unfit; V. ii. 166.
UNCASE, undress; I. i. 208.
UNCONSTANT=inconstant; IV. ii. 14.
UNDERTAKE, assume; IV. ii. 106.
UNMANNER'D, unmannerly; IV. i. 161.
UNPINK'D, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 128.

UNREVERENT, disrespectful; III. ii. 110.
UNTOWARD, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"VAIL YOUR STOMACHS," lower your pride; V. ii. 176.
VELURE, velvet; III. ii. 58.
VENICE GOLD, *i.e.* Venetian gold; II. i. 356.
VIED, challenged; II. i. 311.

WANTS, are wanting; III. ii. 243.
WATCH, keep from sleep; a term in falconry; IV. i. 199.
WHATSOE'ER, at any rate; I. ii. 214.
WHO; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.
"WHY, WHEN, I SAY?" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 138.
WIDOWHOOD, rights as a widow; II. i. 124.
WILL; "she will"; probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 185.
"WILL YOU, NILL YOU," whether you will or not; II. i. 273.
WINCOT, probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Woncot, 2 Henry IV., V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 25.
WISH, commend; I. i. 113; I. ii. 59.
WITH, by; IV. iii. 111.
WOODCOCK, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 159.
WORKMANLY, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 62.
WORLD; "'tis a world," *i.e.* a wonder; II. i. 313.

YARD, yard measure (which used to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.
YELLOWS, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 51.
YET, still; Induct. ii. 69.
YOURSELF=you yourself; I. ii. 155.

NOTES.

Induct. i. 8. '*go by, Jeronimy*'; a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—'the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time.'

Induct. i. 16. '*Brach Merriman;*' '*brach*' usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires 'brach' to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of 'couple,' 'mate.' Hanmer proposed '*leech*'; Keightley, '*bathe*'; Singer (ed. 2) '*trash*,' &c.

Induct. i. 63. '*And he says he is*,' &c., so the old eds. The reading is probably correct; the line means 'when he says he is mad, say that he dreams.' Rowe proposed '*And when he says he's poor*'; Keightley '*And when he says what he is*,' &c.

Induct. i. 87. The Folio and Quarto prefix '*Sincklo*,' the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of 2 Henry IV., V. iv. and in the Folio, 3 Henry VI., III. i.

Induct. i. 87. '*Soto*' is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*.

I. i. 32. *Cp. The Taming of a Shrew*:—

> '*Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,*
> *To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks.*'

I. i. 42. '*If Biondello, thou wert*'; the Collier MS. reads 'now were'; Dyce adopts this emendation.

I. i. 64. '*To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool*'; an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales*. "Hys wife

would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole."

I. i. 236. *'I, sir! ne'er a whit.'* Rowe proposed *'Ay, sir, ne'er,'* &c.; Dyce, *'Ay, sir.—Ne'er.'* It is difficult to determine whether *'I'* is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for *'Ay.'*

I. i. 248–9. *'The presenters,' i.e.* Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.

I. ii. 28. *'what he 'leges in Latin';* the Folios and Quarto *'leges,'* an authorized form for *'alleges':* Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.

I. ii. 149–50. *'paper' . . . 'them';* changed by Pope to 'papers': Mr. Daniel considers *'paper'* to be the note of the *'books,'* and *'them'* the books.

II. i. 75–83, arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.

II. i. 202. *'no such jade as you';* probably an error for *'no jade for such as you,'* as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, *e.g. 'no such load as you, sir'* (Singer), &c.

II. i. 207–9. *'buzzard'* in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 207); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 208, 209); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) 'a buzzing insect,' hence 'you wasp' (l. 210). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—'that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove'; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion of the proverbial 'blind buzzard.'

II. i. 296. *'morn'; cp. Troilus,* I. iii. 229:—

> *'Modest as morning when she coldly eyes*
> *The youthful Phœbus.'*

The Collier MS. has *'moone.'*

II. i. 325. *'We will have rings and things,'* probably a fragment

of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady"—a vague authority.

II. i. 377. '*Marseilles' road*,' Folio 1 and Quarto, '*Marcellus*'; the other Folios '*Marsellis*'; the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, *cp.* '*Venice Gold*,' '*Pisa walls*' in the previous speech.

III. i. 4. Theobald proposed '*she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is*'; evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.

III. ii. 16. '*make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert '*yes*' before '*and*.' The more noteworthy suggestions are:—"*Make friends invite, yes*" (Singer); "*make friends invite guests*" (Dyce); "*make feasts, invite friends*" (Dyce, ed. 2).

IV. i. 135. '*Where is the life that late I led*'; a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *cp.* 2 Henry IV., V. iii. 138. Similarly '*It was the friar of orders grey*,' &c., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.

IV. i. 202. '*to kill a wife with kindness*,' a proverbial expression. Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, was first produced in 1602.

IV. ii. 45. '*'longeth*'; the Folios and Quartos correct '*longeth*,' without apostrophe; '*to long*' in the sense of '*to belong*' is common in older English writings. Similarly '*pointed*' in old eds., III. ii. 1.

IV. ii. 61. '*An ancient angel*'; so the Folios and Quartos; Theobald suggested '*engle*' (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul, gentle, morsel, antick*, &c., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."

IV. iii. 60. '*ruffling treasure*'; Pope changed '*ruffling*' to '*rustling*'; perhaps we should read '*russling*' (for '*rustling*').

Cp. Lear II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is '*russel*,' while the Folios have 'ruffle.' Mrs. Quickly's '*rushling in silk and gold*' (*Merry Wives*, II. ii. 66) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favour of '*rustling*.'

IV. iv. 62. '*Biondello*' (Cambio?). '*Biondello*,' as suggested by the Cambridge editors, is more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."

V. i. 29. '*his father is come from Padua*,' the Folios and Quartos '*has*'; various changes have been proposed, *e.g.* '*to Padua*,' '*from Pisa*,' &c., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.



J.M.W. Wright. C. Heath.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act V. Scene 3. "This to my mother."

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

"THERE never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and 'desponding over its idol'—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendour of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly; she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions apparently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakespeare, resting for effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helen is represented in the original story."

MRS. JAMESON.

PREFACE.

The First Editions. *All's Well that Ends Well* appeared for the first time in the First Folio. It is certain that no earlier edition existed; the play was mentioned in the Stationers' Register under Nov. 8th, 1623, among the plays not previously entered. The text of the first edition is corrupt in many places, and gives the impression of having been carelessly printed from an imperfectly revised copy. There is no record of the performance of *All's Well that Ends Well* during Shakespeare's lifetime; the earliest theatrical notices belong to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Date of Composition. The remarkable incongruity of style characteristic of *All's Well that Ends Well*—the striking contrast of mature and early work—can only be accounted for by regarding the play as a recast of an earlier version of the comedy. Rhyming lines, the sonnet-like letters, the lyrical dialogues and speeches, remind the reader of such a play as *Love's Labour's Lost.* The following passages have not inaptly been described as 'boulders from the old strata embedded in the later deposits':—Act I. i. 231–244; I. iii. 134–142; II. i. 132–213; II. iii. 78–111, 131–151; III. iv. 4–17; IV. iii. 252–260; V. iii. 60–72, 325–340.

It seems very probable, almost certain, that the play is a revision of '*Love's Labours Wonne,*' mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). '*Love's Labours Wonne*' has been variously identified by scholars with *Much Ado about Nothing, The*

Taming of the Shrew, *The Tempest*. A strong case can, however, be made for the present play, and there is perhaps an allusion to the old title in Helena's words (V. iii. 314, 315):—

> *'This is done;*
> *Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?'*

The play was probably originally a companion play to *Love's Labour's Lost*, and was written about the years 1590–92. It may well have belonged to the group of early comedies. The story, divested of its tragic intensity, may perhaps link it to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* the original Helena may have been a twin-sister to the 'Helena' of the *'Dream';* the diction and metre throughout may have resembled the passages to which attention has already been called.

There is no very definite evidence for the date of the revision of the play. The links which connect it with *Hamlet* are unmistakable; the Countess's advice to Bertram anticipates Polonius's advice to Laertes; Helena's strength of will and clearness of purpose make her a sort of counterpart to Hamlet, as she herself says:—

> *'Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,*
> *Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky*
> *Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull*
> *Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.'*
> (I. i. 231–4).

Furthermore, the name 'Corambus' (IV. iii. 185) recalls the 'Corambis' of the First Quarto of *Hamlet;* similarly the name 'Escalus' is the name of the Governor in *Measure for Measure*. In the latter play, indeed, we have almost the same situation as in *All's Well*,—the honest intrigue of a betrothed to win an irresponsive lover. Finally, the undoing of the braggart Parolles recalls Falstaff's exposure in *Henry IV.*, and Malvolio's

humiliation in *Twelfth Night*. All things considered, the play, as we have it, may safely be dated 'about 1602.'

The Source of the Plot. The story of Helena and Bertram was derived by Shakespeare from the *Decameron* through the medium of Paynter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The novels of the Third Day of the *Decameron* tell of those lovers who have overcome insuperable obstacles; they are, in fact, stories of 'Love's Labours Won,' and if Shakespeare had turned to the Italian, the original title '*Love's Labour's Won*' may have been suggested by the words connecting the Novels of the Second and Third Days. The Ninth Novel of the Third Day narrates how 'Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the French King of a Fistula, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo, Count of Rossiglione, to husband. The Count being married against his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by policy found means to be with her husband in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two sons; which known to her husband, he received her again, and afterwards he lived in great honour and felicity.'

The following are among the most noteworthy of Shakespeare's variations from his original:—(i.) the whole interest of the story is centred in the heroine—according to Coleridge, Shakespeare's 'loveliest creation'; to this character-study, all else in the play is subordinated; the poor Helena of '*All's Well*,' unlike the wealthy Giletta of the Novel, derives 'no dignity or interest from place or circumstance,' and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections; (ii.) the moral character of Bertram, the Beltramo of the novel, is darkened; his personal beauty and valour is emphasized; while (iii.) Shakespeare has embodied his evil genius in the character of the vile Parolles, of whom there is no hint in the original story; (iv.) similarly, generous old

Lafeu, the Countess,—'like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young'—the Steward and the Clown, are entirely his own creations.

Duration of Action. The time of the play is eleven days, distributed over three months, arranged as follows by Mr. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–79):—

Day 1. Act I. i. *Interval.* Bertram's journey to Court.
Day 2. Act I. ii. and iii. *Interval.* Helena's journey.
Day 3. Act II. i. and ii. *Interval.* Cure of the King's malady.
Day 4. Act II. iii., iv. and v. *Interval.* Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence.
Day 5. Act III. i. and ii.
Day 6. Act III. iii. and iv. *Interval*—some two months.
Day 7. Act III. v.
Day 8. Act III. vi. and vii.; Act IV. i., ii. and iii.
Day 9. Act IV. iv. *Interval.* Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles.
Day 10. Act IV. v.; Act V. i.
Day 11. Act V. ii. and iii.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Steward, Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A Page.
COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE—*Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.— *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter **Bertram,** *the* **Countess of Rousillon, Helena,** *and* **Lafeu,** *all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance. [ment?

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amend-

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,— O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 't is! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease. [madam?

Laf. How called you the man you speak of,

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness

Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.
Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.
Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit.*
Ber. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.
Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*
Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'T were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men!

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse; away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 't is a withered pear: will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet . . .
There shall your master have a thousand loves.
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,

His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—
Par. What one, i' faith?
Hel. That I wish well. 'T is pity—
Par. What 's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter **Page.**

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*
Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That 's for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee,

so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Paris. The king's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the **King of France,** *with letters, and divers* **Attendants.**

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war.

First Lord. So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter **Bertram, Lafeu,** *and* **Parolles.**

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,

In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech. [say—
King. Would I were with him! He would always
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions. This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.
Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.
Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.—*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, *and* Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 't is my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'ld find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins,

that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself; many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?
Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 't is often seen
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can 't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother? [law:
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 't is gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,
To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris and the medicine and the king
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There 's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I 'ld venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. [love,
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and
Means and attendants and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Paris. The King's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the **King**, *attended with divers young* **Lords** *taking leave for the Florentine war;* **Bertram**, *and* **Parolles.**

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles [well:
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, fare-
Share the advice betwixt you: if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.
First Lord. 'T is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell. Come hither to me.
[*Exit, attended.*
First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.
Sec. Lord. O, 't is brave wars!
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with 'Too young' and 'the next year' and ''t is too early.'
Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.
First Lord. There 's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
First Lord. Farewell, captain.
Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.
First Lord. We shall, noble captain.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?
Ber. Stay: the king.

Re-enter **King.** **Bertram** *and* **Parolles** *retire.*

Par. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter **Lafeu.**

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 't is thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if my royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there 's one arrived,

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, *with* Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty; say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate: I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown, [flown
When judges have been babes; great floods have
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits. [maid;
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;

But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think and think I know most sure
My art is not past power nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?
Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended. [speak
King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter **Countess** *and* **Clown.**

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand and

say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men. [all questions.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits

Clo. It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! There 's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them. [you.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat. [you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whip-

ping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give Ellen this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen and my son: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. — *Paris. The King's palace.*

Enter **Bertram, Lafeu,** *and* **Parolles.**

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.
Laf. Not to be helped,—
Par. Right; as 't were, a man assured of a—
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—
Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be
Laf. Very hand of heaven. [the—
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally thankful.
Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, *and* Attendants.
Lafeu *and* Parolles *retire.*

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.
Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four **Lords.**

Fair maid, send forth thine eyes: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I 'ld give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.
Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but
Me and my service, ever whilst I live, [I give
Into your guiding power. This is the man.
King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife. [highness,
Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever! [which
King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour 's born
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth for me.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.
Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I 'm glad:
Let the rest go.
King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.
Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.
King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.
Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.
[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*
Laf. [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.
Par. Your pleasure, sir?
Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.
Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!
Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?
Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!
Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.
Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style. [too old.
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are
Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth. [thee,—
Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon
Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand. [nity.
Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indig-
Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy
Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it. [of it.
Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.
Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know. [vexation.
Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of— I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter **Lafeu.**

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'ld beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter **Bertram.**

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet-heart? [sworn,

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
I will not bed her.
Par. What, what, sweet-heart?
Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man 's foot: to the wars!
Ber. There 's letters from my mother: what the
import is, I know not yet.
Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my
boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades;
Therefore, to the war!
Ber. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.
Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it.
'T is hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 't is so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Paris. The king's palace.*

Enter **Helena** *and* **Clown.**

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter **Parolles.**

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found [thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you

taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, [edge; Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowl- But puts it off to a compell'd restraint; [sweets, Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king, And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.* Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Paris. The king's palace.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. [*To Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not

in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king and have procured his leave For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular. Prepared I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse than ask why I entreat you, For my respects are better than they seem And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*Giving a letter.*

'T will be two days ere I shall see you, so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:
Faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell. [*Exit Helena.*
Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Florence. The Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *attended; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful

On the opposer. [France
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our na-
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day [ture,
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter **Countess** *and* **Clown.**

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.
Count. By what observance, I pray you?
Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.
Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*
Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are noth-

ing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stom-

Count. What have we here? [ach.

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,
BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter **Clown.**

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter **Helena** *and two* **Gentlemen.**

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so. [men,

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentle-

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start, [you?
Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray
Sec. Gent. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [port.
Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here 's my pass-
[*Reads*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I write a
This is a dreadful sentence. ['never.'
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
First Gent. Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.
Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?
Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?
Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither?
First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. [in France.
Hel. [*Reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing 'T is bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, madam.
First Gent. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was it not?
First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he. [ness.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. You 're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 't were
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousil-
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, [lon,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, *Drum and Trumpets.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*Reads*]
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,

Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger:
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.*

Enter an old **Widow** *of Florence,* **Diana, Violenta,** *and* **Mariana,** *with other* **Citizens.**

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep

you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter **Helena**, *disguised like a Pilgrim.*

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't. [*A march afar.*] Hark you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do
A shrewd turn, if she pleased. [her
Hel. How do you mean? 70
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.
Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:

Drum and Colours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, *and the whole army.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow. 80
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier: is 't not a handsome gentle-
Hel. I like him well. [man?
Dia. 'T is pity he is not honest: yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.— *Camp before Florence.*

Enter Bertram *and the two French* Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum'! is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge

in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is

not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do 't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she 's honest.

Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.— *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter **Helena** *and* **Widow.**

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again [daughter,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.
Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— *Without the Florentine camp.*

Enter **Second French Lord,** *with five or six other* **Soldiers** *in ambush.*

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,—

[*Alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*

First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment:
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I 'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco. [yet;

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acordo linta.
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother, [muffled
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter **Bertram** *and* **Diana.**

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows;
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by, [me,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell
If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.
Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power

To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee. [ber-window:
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my cham-
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: [them
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven
You may so in the end. [and me!
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:

Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.— *The Florentine camp.*

Enter the two French **Lords** *and some two or three* **Soldiers.**

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the meantime, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity

that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a **Messenger.**

How now! where 's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lorship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.

Enter **Bertram.**

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in

usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter **Parolles** *guarded, and* **First Soldier.**

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You 're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak truth.

First Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down. [*Reads*] 'You

shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 't is; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,'—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an

advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest, in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue! [finds.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he 's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually. [Dumain?

First Sold. What 's his brother, the other Captain

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What 's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a

retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine? [Rousillon.

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count

First Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'ld compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well,

sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit, with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'T would burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.— *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.
Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter **Countess, Lafeu,** *and* **Clown.**

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we

may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble them-

selves may: but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter **Clown.**

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.— *Marseilles. A street.*

Enter **Helena, Widow,** *and* **Diana,** *with two* **Attendants.**

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a **Gentleman.**

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I 'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.*

Enter **Clown,** *and* **Parolles,** *following.*

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter **Lafeu.**

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, —but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'T is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would

not have knaves thrive long under her? There 's a quart d'écu for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business. [word.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me! [thee.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Flourish. Enter **King, Countess, Lafeu,** *the two French* **Lords,** *with* **Attendants.**

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'T is past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,

And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.
Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter **Bertram.**

Laf. He looks well on 't.
King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse! [bless!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*

By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that' s dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token [her
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger

Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*
King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.
King. [*Reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a wid-

ower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I 'll none of him. [Lafeu,

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter **Bertram**, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter **Widow** *and* **Diana.**

What woman 's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied. [our

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and hon-
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny [ther?
But that I know them: do they charge me fur-

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 't is it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owned and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man be he.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet;
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband;
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger. [late.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
Is this the man you speak of? [you.

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you? [woman.

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this! [mand.

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-

Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it, then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.
King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.
King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.
Unless thou tell 'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I 'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege,
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there 's my riddle : one that 's dead is quick :
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter **Widow**, *with* **Helena**.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is 't real that I see ?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both. O, pardon !
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done :
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. [clearly,
Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !
O my dear mother, do I see you living ?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon :
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handker-
cher : so, [thee :
I thank thee : wait on me home, I 'll make sport with
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more or less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE.

King. The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY.

A=one ; I. iii. 240.
ABOUT, "go not about," "do not beat about the bush" ; I. iii. 188.
ACCORDINGLY, equally ; II. v. 9.
ACROSS, "break across," a term used in tilting ; here used for a passage at arms of wit ; II. i. 69.
ACT, action ; I. ii. 30.
ADMIRATION, that which excites admiration ; II. i. 90.
ADOPTIOUS, "a christendoms" = adopted christian names" ; I. i. 177.
ADVERTISEMENT, advice ; IV. iii. 222.
ADVICE, discretion ; III. iv. 19.
ALONE, "alone must think," must only think ; I. i. 188.
AMPLE, amply ; III. v. 45.
ANATOMIZED, laid open, shown up ; IV. iii. 34.
ANTIQUITY, old age ; II. iii. 212.
APPEACH'D=impeached, informed against (you) ; I. iii. 191.
APPLICATIONS, attempts at healing ; I. ii. 74.
APPREHENSIVE, "ruled by imaginations and caprices," fantastic ; I. ii. 60.
APPROOF, "so in a. lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech"= "his epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech" ; I. ii. 50 ; "valiant a."=approved valour ; II. v. 3.
APPROVED, proved ; I. ii. 10.
ARAISE, raise from the dead ; II. i. 78.
ARMIPOTENT, omnipotent ; IV. iii. 245.
ARTISTS, "relinquished of the artists," *i.e.* given up, despaired of by learned doctors ; II. iii. 10.
ATTEMPT, venture ; I. iii. 254.
ATTENDS, awaits ; II. iii. 52.
AUTHENTIC, of acknowledged authority ; II. iii. 14.
AVAILS, advantage, promotion ; III. i. 22.

BAND=bond ; IV. ii. 56.
BARBER'S CHAIR, "like a b.c." a proverbial expression (found in Ray's *Proverbs*, etc.) ; II. ii. 16.
BARING, shaving ; IV. i. 50.
BARNES (the reading of Folio 1 ; the other Folios "bearns" or "barns"), children ; I. iii. 24.
BE, "to be"=to be called ; I. ii. 59.
BESTOW, guard, treasure up ; I. iii. 225.
BETTER=men your superior ; III. i. 22.
BIG, haughty ; I. iii. 94.
BLAZE (Theobald's conjecture for "blade" of the Folios), heat, fire ; V. iii. 6.
BLOOD, nature, disposition ; I. iii. 131 ; passion ; III. vii. 21.
BOARDED, wooed ; V. iii. 210.
BOLD, assured ; V. i. 5.
BOND, duty, obligation ; I. iii. 188.
BOTH, "both our mothers," the mother of us both ; I iii. 163.
BRAID, deceitful ; IV. ii. 73.
BRAVING, defiant ; I. ii. 3.
BREAKING, breaking up, disbanding ; IV. iv. 11.
BREATHE, take exercise ; II. iii. 257.
BREATHING, exercise, action ; I. ii. 17.
BRIEF, "now-born br." *i.e.* "the contract recently made" (Warburton, "new-born") ; II. iii. 183.

BRING=take; III. v. 93.
BROKEN, "my mouth no more were broken," had not lost its teeth; II. iii. 61.
BROKES, uses as a medium; III. v. 73.
BROUGHT, (?) "brought with him" (changed by Theobald to "bought"); II. i. 63.
BUNTING, a bird resembling a lark in every particular, but with little or no song; II. v. 7.
BUTTOCK; "pin b., quatch b., brawn b."=thin b., flat b., fleshy b.; II. ii. 17.
BY, pass by; Warburton supposes a line to be lost after "*past*"); II iii. 234.

CANARY, "a quick and lively dance"; II. i. 76.
"CAN'T NO OTHER," can it be no other way; I. iii. 165.
CAPABLE OF, apt to receive the impress of, susceptible; I. i. 97; I. i. 212.
"CAP OF THE TIME," they wear themselves in the c."="they are the very ornaments of the time"; II. i. 52.
CAPRICCIO, caprice, whim; II. iii. 296.
CAPTIOUS, "recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it" (Malone); others suggest "cap'cious" or "capacious," or=Latin "captiosus," *i.e.* deceitful or fallacious; I. iii. 202.
CARBONADOED, cut across, like meat for broiling; IV. v. 103.
CASE, flay, skin; strip off his disguise; III. vi. 107.
CATCH'D, caught, perceived; I. iii. 170.
CESSE (the reading of Folio I.; F. 2, *ceasse;* F. 3, *ceass*), cease; V. iii. 72.
CHAMPION, knight who fought for a person; IV. ii. 50.
CHANGE, interchange; III. ii. 98.
CHAPE, "the metallic part at the end of the scabbard"); IV. iii. 150.
CHARGE, cost; II. iii. 118.
CHOICE; "most rich c." choicest treasure; III. vii. 26.
CHOUGHS' LANGUAGE, chattering; IV. i. 20.
CITES, proves; I. iii. 210.
CLEW, a ball of thread; I. iii. 182.
COIL, ado, fuss; "kept a coil with," made a fuss about; II. i. 27.
COLLATERAL, indirect; I. i. 90.
COLOUR; "holds not c." is not in keeping; II. v. 62.
COMMISSION, warrant; II. iii. 263.
COMMONER, harlot; V. iii. 193.
COMPANION, fellow (used contemptuously); V. iii. 248.
COMPANY, companion; IV. iii. 34.
COMPOSITION, compact; IV. iii. 19.
COMPT, account; V. iii. 57.
CONDITION, character; IV. iii. 180.
CONGIED WITH, taken my leave of; IV. iii. 90.
CONSOLATE, console; III. ii. 129.
CONVENIENCE, propriety; III. ii. 72.
CONVERSATION, intercourse; I. iii. 234.
CORAGIO, courage; II. v. 95.
CORANTO, a quick, lively dance; II. iii. 44.
CORRUPT, misquote; I. iii. 79.
COUNT OF, take c. of; IV. iii. 239.
COUNTY, Count; III. vii. 22.
"COX MY PASSION," a corruption of "God's my passion!"; V. ii. 41.
CREDENCE, trust; III, iii. 2.
CRESSID'S UNCLE, *i.e.* Pandarus; II. i. 98.
CROWN; "French c." bald head; II. ii. 21.
CROWN, "the fine's the c."; probably a translation of the Latin proverb, "*Finis coronat opus*"; IV. iv. 35.
CURD, curdle; I. iii. 149.
CURIOUS, careful; I. ii. 20.
CURIOUSLY, carefully; IV. iii. 36.
CUSTARD; "Like him that leaped into the custard," an allusion to the custom at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose; II. v. 39.
CUSTOMER, harlot; V. iii. 283.

DARKLY, secretly; IV. iii. 12.
DEADLY (used adverbially); V. iii. 117.
DEATH; "the white d." the paleness of death; II. iii. 72.
DEBATE IT, strive for the mastery; I. ii. 75.
DEBOSH'D=debauched, perverted; II. iii. 142.
DEFAULT, at need; II. iii. 229.
DELIVERANCE=delivery; II. i. 84.
DELIVERS, tells; IV. iii. 160.
DIAL, clock, watch; II. v. 6.
DIET, to prescribe a regimen or scanty diet (hence "to deny me the full rights of wife"); V. iii. 220; "he is dieted to his hour," *i.e.* "the hour of his appointment is fixed"; IV. iii. 31.
DIGESTED, absorbed; V. iii. 74.
DILATED, prolonged, detailed; II. i. 56.
DILEMMAS, perplexing situations; III. vi. 77.
DISTINCTION; "confound d.," make it impossible to distinguish them one from the other; II. iii. 124.
DIURNAL, "d. ring," daily circuit; II. i. 164.
DOLE, portion, share; II. iii. 173.
DOLPHIN, possibly used with a quibbling allusion to Dolphin=Dauphin; but perhaps only "the sportive, lively fish" is alluded to; II. iii. 28.

EARS, ploughs, cultivates; I. iii. 42.
EMBOSSED, inclosed (like game in a wood), a term used in hunting; III. vi. 103.
EMBOWELL'D, exhausted; I. iii. 241.
ENCOUNTER, meeting; III. vii. 32.
ENTERTAINMENT, service, pay; III. vi. 12; IV. i. 16.
ENTRENCHED, cut; II. i. 44.
ESTATE, rank, social grade; III. vii. 4.
ESTATES, ranks, social status; I. iii. 111.
ESTEEM, high estimation, worth; V. iii. 1.
ESTIMATE; "in thee hath e.," is enjoyed by thee; II i. 182.
EVEN, act up to; I. iii. 3; "make it e.," grant it; II. i. 193; full; V. iii. 322.
EXAMINED, questioned; III. v. 65.
EXORCIST, one who raises spirits; V. iii. 301.
EXPEDIENT (?) expeditious, quick; II. iii. 183.
EXPRESSIVE, open-hearted; II. i. 51.

FACINEROUS, Parolles' blunder for "facinorous"; II. iii. 32.
FAITH, religious faith; IV. i. 77.
FALLS, befalls; V. i. 37.
FANCY, liking, love; II. iii. 172.
FATED, fateful; I. i. 220.
FAVOUR, face, figure, countenance; I. i. 85; V. iii. 49.
FED; "highly fed," used quibblingly in double sense; (1) well fed, and (2) well bred; perhaps also with an allusion to the proverb "better fed than taught"; II. ii. 3.
FEE-SIMPLE, unconditional possession; IV. iii. 287.
FETCH OFF, rescue; III. vi. 19.
FINE; "in fine"=in short; III. vii. 33.
FINE, artful; V. iii. 265.
FISNOMY, the clown's corruption of "physiognomy"; IV. v. 41.
FLESHES, satiates; IV. iii. 17.
FOND; "fond done, done fond," done foolishly, done fondly I. iii. 70. foolish; V. iii. 177.
FONDNESS, love; I. iii. 170.
FOR=because; III. v. 44.
FOREGONE, gone before, past; I. iii. 134.
FOUND=found out; II. iii. 209; II. iv. 32.
FRANK, liberal, generous; I. ii. 20.

GAMESTER, harlot; V. iii. 187.
GRACE, favour; V. ii. 50.
GOSSIPS, stands gossip, *i.e.* sponsor for; I. i. 178.
GO UNDER, pass for: III. v. 20.
GROSS, palpable; i. ii. 172.

HAGGISH, ugly and wrinkled, like a hag; I. ii. 29.

HAND, "in any h." in any case ; III. vi. 44.
HAPLY, perhaps; III. ii. 78.
HAPPY; "in h. time," *i.e.* "in the nick of time" ; V. i. 6.
HAWKING, hawk-like ; I. i. 96.
HELM=helmet ; III. iii. 7.
HERALDRY ; "gives you h." entitles you to ; II. iii. 264.
HERB OF GRACE, *i.e.* rue ; IV. v. 18.
"HIC JACET," the beginning of an epitaph meaning "here lies," die in the attempt ; III. vi. 64.
HIGH BENT (a metaphor taken from the bending of a bow) ; V. iii. 10.
HIGHER, further up (into Italy) ; IV. iii. 44.
HIGH-REPENTED, deeply repented ; V. iii. 36.
HILDING, a base wretch ; III. vi. 3.
HIS, its ; I. ii. 41.
HOLD, maintain ; I. i. 79.
HOLDING, binding force ; IV. ii. 27.
HOME, thoroughly ; V. iii. 4.
HONESTY, chastity ; III. v. 64.
HOODMAN (an allusion to the game of "hood-man blind," or "Blind-man-buff") ; IV. iii. 123.
HOST, lodge ; III. v. 95.
HOUSEWIFE ; "I play the noble h. with the time," spoken ironically ; II. ii. 57.
HOWSOME'ER (Folios 1, 2, "howsomere" ; Folio 3, howsomeere ; Folio 4, howsomere), howsover ; I. iii. 51.

IDLE, foolish, reckless; II. v. 52; III. vii. 26.
IMPORTANT, importunate ; III. vii. 21.
IMPORTING, full of import ; V. iii. 136.
IMPOSITIONS, things imposed, commands ; IV. iv. 29.
IN, into ; V. ii. 46.
IN ; "to in," to get in ; I. iii. 43.
INAIDIBLE, cureless, incurable ; II. i. 121.
INDUCEMENT, instigation ; III. ii. 89.
INSTANCE, proof ; IV. i. 42.
INTENIBLE, incapable of holding or retaining ; I. iii. 202.
INTENTS, intentions ; III. iv. 21
INTO (so Folios 1, 2 ; Folio 3, 4, "unto"), upon ; I. iii. 254.
ISBELS, waiting women generally ; III. ii. 13, 14.

JACK-AN-APES, ape, monkey ; used as a term of contempt ; III. v. 87.
JOUL, knock ; I. iii. 53.
JUSTIFIED, proved ; IV. iii. 56.

KICKY-WICKY, "a ludicrous term for a wife" ; II. iii. 283.
KIND, nature ; I. iii. 62 ; I. iii. 180.
KNOWINGLY, from experience ; I. iii. 250.

LACK, want, need ; III. iv. 19.
LANGUISHINGS, lingering malady ; I. iii. 229.
LAST, last time ; V. iii. 79.
LATE, lately ; I. iii. 105.
LEAGUER, camp of besieging army ; III. vi. 26.
LED, carried ; "Has led the drum before the English tragedians" ; alluding to the strolling players who were wont to announce their advent by a drum ; IV. iii. 275.
LEFT OFF, abandoned ; I. iii. 201.
LEG ; "make a leg," make a bow ; II. ii. 10.
LEND IT, give love ; I. ii. 68.
LIE, lodge ; III. v. 31.
LING, a fish eaten during Lent ; here used in the general sense of meagre food ; III. ii. 14, 15.
LINSEY-WOOLSEY, literally a fabric of wool and linen ; here a medley of words ; IV. i. 12.
LIST, limit ; II. i. 51.
LIVE, to live ; II. i. 133.
LIVELIHOOD, liveliness, animation ; I. i. 51.
'LONGING (Folios correctly "longing"), belonging ; IV. ii. 42.
LORDSHIP, conjugal right and duty ; V. iii. 155.
LUSTIG, lusty, sprightly ; II. iii. 42.

MADDING, maddening ; V. iii. 212.
MAKE, look upon as ; V. iii. 5.

MANIFEST, acknowledged, well-known; I. iii. 223.
MARRIED . . . MARR'D; pronounced much alike in Elizabethan English; hence used quibblingly; II. iii. 302.
MARSEILLES (trisyllabic; Folio 1 spells the name "Marcellæ," IV. iv. 9; "Marcellus," IV. v. 85).
MAUDLIN, colloquial form of Magdalen; V. iii. 68.
MEASURE, dance; II. i. 55.
MEDICINE, physician; II. i. 74.
MELL, meddle; IV. iii. 238.
MERE, merely, nothing but; III. v. 57.
MERELY, absolutely; IV. iii. 23.
METHINKS'T, it seems to me; II. iii. 255.
MILE-END; alluding to the fact that the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled there; IV. iii. 279.
MISDOUBT, mistrust; I. iii. 124.
MISPRISING, despising; III. ii. 30.
MISPRISION, contempt; II. iii. 156.
MODERN, common; II. iii. 2.
MODERN ("modest" has been suggested as an emendation), modish, stylish (rather than "ordinary," "commonplace"); V. iii. 215.
MODEST, "a m. one"; *i.e.* "a moderately favourable one"; II. i. 130.
MODULE, pattern, model; IV. iii. 102.
MOIETY, part, share; III. ii. 67.
MONSTROUS, monstrously; II. i. 186.
MONUMENTAL, memorial; IV. iii. 18.
MORRIS, Morris-dance; II. ii. 23.
"MORT DU VINAIGRE" (Folios "mor du vinager"), a meaningless oath used by Parolles; II. iii. 45.
MOTIVE, instrument; IV. iv. 20.
MURK, murky; II. i. 165.
MUSE, wonder, conjecture; II. v. 68.
MUTE; "all the rest is mute," I have no more to say to you; II. iii. 79.
MYSTERY, professional skill; III. vi. 66.

NATURE, temperament; III. i. 17; way; IV. iii. 159.
NAUGHTY, good for nothing; V. iii. 250.
NECESSITIED TO, in need of; V. iii. 85.
NEXT, nearest; I. iii. 58.
NICE, prudish; V. i. 15.
NOTE, mark of distinction, record; I. iii. 157.

OF, by; I. iii. 197; V. iii. 195; on; II. iii. 241; III. v. 102.
OFFICED ALL, performed all the duties or offices; III. ii. 127.
OF THEM, some of that kind; II. v. 48.
"O LORD, SIR!" an exclamation much used in fashionable society in Shakespeare's time; II. ii. 40.
ON, of; I. iii. 136.
ORDER, precautions, measures; IV. ii. 55.
ORDINARIES, meals, repasts; II. iii. 204.
OUT, over; I. ii. 58.
OUTWARD, not in the secret, uninitiated; III. i. 11.
OVERLOOKING, supervision; I. i. 38.
OWE, own, II. v. 82; owes, owns, II. i. 9; owed, owned, V. iii. 197.

PACE, "a certain and prescribed walk"; IV. v. 68.
PALMERS, pilgrims; III. v. 36.
PARTICULAR, part; II. v. 64.
PARTING; "present p." immediate departure; II. v. 59.
PASSAGE, anything that passes, or occurs; an event; I. i. 19.
PASSPORT, sentence of death; III. ii. 56.
PATIENCE; "ours be your p." let your patient hearing be ours; Epil. 335.
PERSPECTIVE, "a glass so cut as to produce an optical deception"; V. iii. 48.
PICKING; "p. a kernel out of a pomegranate"; stealing the most trifling article; II. iii. 261.
"PILOT'S GLASS," hour-glass; II. i. 167.
PLACE, precedence; I. i. 105.

PLAUSIVE, plausible, pleasing; I. ii. 53.
PLEASE IT, if it please; III. v. 98.
PLUTUS (Rowe's correction of "Platus," the reading of the Folios), the god of wealth; V. iii. 101.
POISING US, adding the weight of our patronage; II. iii. 158.
PORT, gate; III. v. 37.
PRACTISER, practitioner; II. i. 187.
PREDOMINANT, in the ascendant; I. i. 200.
PREJUDICATES, prejudices; I. ii. 8.
PRESENT, immediate; II. ii. 61.
PRESENTLY, immediately, at once; II. iii. 163.
PRIME, flower of life; II. i. 184.
PROBABLE NEED, apparently necessary; II. iv. 50.
PROCEEDS, results; IV. ii. 62.
PROFESSION, that which she professes to be able to do; II. i. 85.
PROPER, used to emphasize *own;* IV. ii. 49.
PROPER, virtuous; IV. iii. 222.
PROPERTY, "that which is proper to," "particular quality"; II. i. 189.

QUART D'ECU (the Folios "cardecue," V. ii. 35; Folio 1, "cardceu," Folios 2, 3, 4, "cardecue," IV. iii. 255; the Folio spellings represent the colloquial pronunciation of the word in English); the quarter of a "French crown" = fifteen pence.
QUESTANT, he who is on the quest, seeker; II. i. 16.
QUICK, living; V. iii. 300.
QUIT, acquit; V. iii. 296.

RATE, price; V. iii. 216.
RAVIN, ravenous; III. ii. 118.
REAVE, bereave, deprive; V. iii. 86.
REBELLION; "natural r." rebellion of nature, v. iii. 6; "God delay our r.," *i.e.* "put off the day when our flesh shall rebel," IV. iii. 21.
RELIGIOUS, a holy obligation; II. iii. 187.
REMAINDER (a legal term)=something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has; IV. iii. 289.
REMOVES, post-stages; V. iii. 131.
REPAIRS, restores, does me good; I. ii. 30.
REPEAL'D, called back; II. iii. 50.
REPETITION, remembrance; V. iii. 22.
REPLETE, full; II. iii. 180.
RESOLVEDLY, satisfactorily; V. iii. 328.
RESPECTS, reasons; II. v. 69.
REST, "set up your r." are resolved; II. i. 137.
RICHEST; "r. eyes," *i.e.* eyes having seen the most; V. iii. 17.
RING-CARRIER, go-between, pandar; III. v. 92.
ROUSILLON, an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees; I. ii. 18.
RUFF, (?) the ruffle of the boot (that is, the part turned over the top); III. ii. 7.
RUTTISH, lustful; IV. iii. 225.

SACRAMENT; "take the s. on it," take my oath on it; IV. iii. 142.
SADNESS; "in good s." in all seriousness; IV. iii. 211.
SAFFRON; "villanous s.", alluding to the fashion of wearing yellow; IV. v. 2.
SANCTIMONY, sanctity; IV. iii. 52.
SATISFACTION; "heavy s." sorrowful acquiescence; V. iii. 100.
"SCARFS AND BANNERETS," silken ornaments hung upon various parts of the attire; II. iii. 206.
SCHOOLS, medical schools; I. iii. 240.
SEASON; "a day of s." a seasonable day; V. iii. 32.
SENOYS, Sienese, inhabitants of Siena: I. ii. 1.
SENSE, thought; I. i. 228.
SHALL=will assuredly; III. ii. 23.
SHALLOW; "you're shallow in great friends," "you are a superficial judge of the character of great friends"; I. iii. 40.

SHREWD, evil, bad; III. v. 70.
SHREWDLY, highly, badly; III. v. 90.
SICK FOR, pining for; I. ii. 16.
SINISTER, left; II. i. 43.
SITH (Folio 1 reads "sir"; emended by Dyce), since; V. iii. 154.
SITHENCE, since; I. iii. 119.
SMOCK; "the forehorse to a smock," as a squire of ladies; used contemptuously; II. i. 30.
SMOKED, scented; III. vi. 107.
"SNIPT-TAFFETA FELLOW," a fellow dressed in silks and ribbons; IV. v. 1.
SOLELY, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 103.
SOLEMN, ceremonious; IV. iii. 80.
SOVEREIGNTY; "general s." "sovereign remedies in various cases"; I. iii. 224.
SPARK, fashionable young man; II. i. 25.
SPEND, use, employ; V. i. 8.
SPIRIT (monosyllabic=sprite); II. i. 177.
SPOKE, spoken; II. v. 58.
SPORTIVE, pleasure-giving; III. ii. 107.
SPRAT, a worthless fellow, used contemptuously; III. vi. 109.
STAGGERS, "perplexity, bewilderment"; II. iii. 167.
ST. JAQUES LE GRAND, probably St. James of Compostella, in Spain, though probably Shakespeare had no particular shrine of St. James in mind; III. v. 35.
STALL, keep close, conceal; I. iii. 125.
STAR; "the most received s." leader of fashion; II. i. 54.
STEAD, help, aid; V. iii. 87.
STEELY; "virtue's steely bones,"= "steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue"; I. i. 105.
STOMACH, inclination; III. vi. 65.
STRAIGHT, directly, straightway; IV. i. 20.
STRANGERS, foreign troops; IV. i. 15.
STRONGER, most important; IV. iii. 57.
SUBSCRIBED TO, "acknowledged the state of"; V. iii. 96.
SUCCESS, issue; III. vi. 82.
SUCCESS; "abstract of s." successful summary proceeding; IV. iii. 89.
SUCCESSION, others from doing the same; III. v. 24.
SUGGEST, tempt; IV. v. 46.
SUPERFLUOUS, having more than enough; I. i. 107.
SUPPOSITION, "beguile the s." deceive the opinion; set at rest the doubt; IV. iii. 307.
SURPRISED, to be surprised; I. iii. 114.
SWORD; "Spanish s." (swords of Toledo were famous): IV. i. 48.
SWORN COUNSEL, pledge of secrecy; III. vii. 9.

TABLE, tablet; I. i. 97.
TAX, reproach; II. i. 172.
THEORIC, theory; IV. iii. 148.
THITHERWARD, on his way thither; III. ii. 53.
THOSE OF MINE, those kinsmen of mine; I. iii. 253.
TINCT, tincture; V. iii. 102.
TITLE, want of rank; II. iii. 121.
TO, for; II. iii, 293.
TOLL (Folio 1 "toule"), probably= "pay a tax for the liberty of selling"; V. iii. 148.
TOO MUCH, excess; III. ii. 90.
TOOK=taken; II. i. 149.
TOP, head; I. ii. 43.
TRAVAILS IN, works for; II. iii. 162.
TRIPLE, third; II. i. 110.
TUCKET, a flourish on a trumpet; III. v. 7.

UNDONE, used quibblingly; IV. iii. 330.
UNHAPPY, mischievous; IV. v. 64.
UNSEASON'D, inexperienced; I. i. 71.
USE, custom; V. i. 24.
USED, treated; I. ii. 42.

VALIDITY, value; V. iii. 191.

WANTED, was lacking; I. i. 11.

WARD, guardianship; I. i. 5.
WAS=had; III. ii. 43.
WEAR, wear out; V. i. 4.
WELL-ENTER'D, being well-initiated; II. i. 6.
WELL FOUND, of known skill; II. i. 104.
WHENCE, from that place where; III. ii. 122.
WHEREOF, with which; I. iii. 229.
WHICH, which thing (*i.e.* danger, referring to the previous clause); II. iii. 153.
WHOM, which (*i.e.* death); III. iv. 17.
WING; "of a good w.," a term derived from falconry=strong in flight; I. i. 270.
WOMAN, make me weak as a woman; III. ii. 50.
WOODCOCK, a popular name for a brainless fellow; a fool; IV. i. 93.
WORD, promise; *i.e.* thy word, or promise; II. i. 212.
WORLD; "to go to the world,"=to get married; I. iii. 16.
WORTHY, well-deserved; IV. iii. 6.
WRITE, call myself, claim to be; II. iii. 201.

YIELD, supply, tell; III. i. 10.

NOTES.

I. i. 81, 82.

> '*These great tears grace his remembrance more*
> *Than those I shed for him*';

i.e. "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him."

I. i. 102–167. These lines are struck out by some editors; the Cambridge editors rightly call them 'a blot on the play'; they were probably "an interpolation, 'to tickle the ears of the groundlings.'" The opening words of the speech which follows are obscure, and the enumeration of 'the loves' looks like 'the nonsense of some foolish conceited player.' Hanmer proposed:—

> '*Not my virginity yet.—You're for the Court:*
> *There shall your master*,' *etc.*

I. ii. 54. 'He scattered not in ears, but grafted them'; *cp.* the Collect in the Liturgy: 'Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit of good living,' etc.

I. ii. 56. '*this*,' so the Folio; Pope read '*Thus*,' possibly the right word here.

I. iii. 21. '*service is no heritage*'; the idea seems to be that, 'if service is no blessing, children are': Psalm cxxvii. 3 has been appropriately cited in connection with this expression:— "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."

I. iii. 50, 51. *Young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist'*; '*Charbon*' possibly for '*Chair-bonne,*' and '*Poysam*' for '*Poisson,*' alluding to the respective lenten fares of the Puritan and Papist (*cp.* the old French proverb, '*Jeune chair et viel poisson* = *young* flesh and *old* fish are the best).

I. iii. 113. *queen of virgins'*; Theobald inserted '*Dian no*' before '*queen,*' as in text.

II. i. 1, 2. '*lords*' . . . '*lords'*; probably the young noblemen are divided into two sections according as they intend to take service with the 'Florentines' or the 'Senoys' (*cp.* Note vi. Cambridge edition).

II. i. 12-15. '*let higher Italy—Those bated,*' etc.; the passage is probably corrupt. '*Higher Italy*' has been variously interpreted to mean (1) Upper Italy; (2) the side of Italy next to the Adriatic (but both Florence and Sienna are on the other side); (3) Italy higher in rank and dignity than France; (4) the noblest of Italy; the worthiest among Italians. Johnson paraphrased as follows:—'Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valour,* see that you come to gain honour, to the *abatement,* that is, to the disgrace and depression of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame,* and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy.' Schmidt proposed '*high*' for '*higher*'; Coleridge '*hired*'; Hanmer '*bastards*' for '*bated.*' Knight took '*bated*' to mean 'excepted,' Schmidt 'beaten down.'

II. i. 32-3. '*No sword worn but one to dance with*'; alluding to the light swords worn for dancing.

II. i. 62. '*I'll fee*'; Theobald's emendation. Folios, '*Ile see.*'

II. i. 79. '*To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand*'; Charlemagne late in life attempted to learn to write.

II. i. 175.

'*Nay, worse—if worse—extended,*
With vilest torture let my life be ended';

Folio 1 reads '*ne*'; the other Folios read '*no*' for '*ne.*'

Malone's '*nay*' for '*ne*' commends itself, though his explanation of '*extended*' as 'my body being extended on the rack' seems weak: it is probably used here simply in the sense of 'meted out to me,' or merely used for the purpose of emphasising '*worse—if worse.*' A mass of conjectural emendations are recorded in the Cambridge edition of the play.

II. ii. 22. '*Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger*'; 'Tib and Tom' were used like 'Jack and Jill'; Tib was a cant term for any low or vulgar woman. 'Rush rings' were sometimes used at marriage ceremonies, especially where the marriages were somewhat doubtful (*cp.* Douce's *Illustrations*, p. 196).

II. iii. 1-41. Johnson changed the distribution of the speakers, so as to bring out 'the whole merriment of the scene,' which, according to him, 'consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not.' Johnson has been generally followed by modern editors. The Folio arrangement has been kept in the Cambridge text.

II. iii. 25. '*a showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor*'; the title of some pamphlet is evidently ridiculed in these words.

II. iii. 76. '*Imperial Love*'; Folio 1, '*imperiall loue*'; Folio 2, *imperiall Iove*'; Folio 3, '*impartiall Jove.*'

II. iii. 81. '*ames-ace,*' *i.e.* two aces; the lowest throw at dice; one would expect it, from the context, to mean just the contrary, but Lafeu is probably making 'a comparison by contraries,'—'an ironical comparison,' used with humorous effect. "One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna," aptly observed Brinsley Nicholson, "says, I'd rather hear her than walk a hundred miles with peas in my boots."

II. v. 28. '*end*'; the Folios have '*And*'; the correction, from the Ellesmere copy of the First Folio, has been generally adopted.

II. v. 50. '*Have or will to deserve*'; Malone proposed '*have qualities or will,*' etc.; Singer, '*wit or will*'; the later Folios omit

'*to*,' and read '*have, or will deserve*'; the reading in the text is that of Folio 1.

III. i. 12–13.

> '*That the great figure of a council frames*
> *By self-unable motion*';

probably Clarke's explanation of these difficult lines is the best:—"The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a government-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord or independently." Others make '*that*' the subject of '*frames*,' explaining '*motion*' as 'mental sight,' or 'intuition.'

III. ii. 9. '*sold*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*hold*'; Harness proposed '*holds a goodly manner for*.'

III. ii. 65. '*If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine*'; the omission of the relative is common in Shakespeare. Rowe unnecessarily altered the line to '*all the griefs as thine*.'

III. ii. 91. '*holds him much to have*'; so the Folios; Theobald conjectured '*soils him much to have*'; others suggested '*'hoves him not much to have*'; '*fouls him much to have*,' etc. Rolfe's view of the passage seems by far the most satisfactory:—"He has a deal of that too-much, *i.e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities."

III. ii. 111. '*still-peering air*'; so Folio 1; Folio 2, '*still-piercing*'; probably an error for '*still-piecing*,' *i.e.* 'still-closing.' A passage in *The Wisdom of Solomon* has been appropriately compared, and may be the source of the thought:—"*As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through.*"

III. v. 68. '*I warrant, good creature*,' so the Globe edition; Folio 1, '*I write, good creature*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*I right*'; Rowe, '*Ah! right good creature!*' Kinnear, '*I war'nt* (= warrant), good creature' (*cp. Hamlet*, I. ii. 243, Quarto 2, '*I warn't*').

III. vi. 39. '*John Drum's Entertainment*'; 'to give a person John Drum's Entertainment' probably meant to give him such an entertainment as the drum gets; hence 'to give a person a drumming,' to turn him forcibly out of your company. Theobald quotes the following from Holinshed's *Description of Ireland*:—"His porter, or none other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In Marston's interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), Jack Drum is a servant who is constantly baffled in his knavish tricks.

IV. i. 43. '*Bajazet's mule*'; the allusion has not yet been explained; perhaps '*Bajazet's*' is a blunder on the part of Parolles for '*Balaam's*.'

IV. ii. 25. '*God's*,' in the original, but '*Jove's*,' was used in obedience to the statute against profanity. Johnson conjectured '*Love's*.'

IV. ii. 36. '*Who then recover*'; the Folios read, '*who then recovers*,' changed unnecessarily by Pope to '*which then recover*,' but '*who*' is often used for 'an irrational antecedent personified,' though in this passage the antecedent may be '*of me*' implied in '*my*'; '*my sick desires*' = 'the sick desires of me'; in this latter case 'recovers' is the more common third person singular, instead of the first person after '*who*.'

IV. ii. 38. '*I see that men make rope's in such a scarre*,' the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, '*make ropes*'; Folio 4, '*make ropes . . . scar*.' This is one of the standing cruxes in the text of Shakespeare; some thirty emendations have been proposed for '*ropes*' and '*scarre*,' *e.g.* '*hopes . . . affairs*'; '*hopes . . . scenes*'; '*hopes . . . scare*'; '*slopes . . . scarre*': other suggestions are, '*may cope's . . . sorte*'; '*may rope's . . . snarle*'; '*may rope's . . . snare*,' &c. The apostrophe in the First and Second Folios makes it almost certain that '*'s*' stands for '*us*.' Possibly '*make*' is used as an auxiliary; '*make rope 's*' would

then mean 'do constrain, or ensnare us.' Or is '*make rope*' a compound verb? '*Scarre*' may be '*scare*' (*i.e.* 'fright'). The general sense seems to be, 'I see that men may reduce us to such a fright, that we'll forsake ourselves.'

IV. iii. 259. '*He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister,*' *i.e.* 'anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.'

IV. iii. 289. '*and a perpetual succession for it*'; some such verb as '*grant*' is to be supplied. Hanmer altered '*for it*' to '*in it*'; Kinnear conjectured '*free in perpetuity.*'

IV. iv. 34. '*revives*'; so the Folios; '*reviles,*' '*invites,*' '*requires*' have been variously proposed; it is doubtful whether any change is necessary: 'Time,' says Helena, 'gives us fresh courage.'

IV. v. 40. '*an English name*'; Folios 1, 2, '*maine*'; Folio 3, '*main*'; Folio 4, '*mean*'; Rowe first suggested '*name*'; the allusion is obviously to the Black Prince.

IV. v. 41. '*his fisnomy is more hotter*'; Hanmer's proposal '*honour'd*' for '*hotter*' seems to be a most plausible emendation.

V. i. 6. '*Enter a Gentleman*'; Folio 1 reads '*A gentle Astringer*'; Folio 2, '*A gentle Astranger*'; Folio 3, 4, '*A Gentleman a stranger.*' '*Astringer*' = a keeper of goshawks; the word occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare. There seems, however, no very particular reason for its omission in modern editions, though it is true that in the Folio the speeches given to 'the Astringer' all have the prefix '*Gent.*'

V. ii. 1. '*Good Monsieur Lavache*'; Folio 1, '*Lauatch*'; Folio 2, '*Lavatch*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Levatch*'; Tollet's conjecture '*Lavache*' has been generally adopted. Clarke suggests that 'it may have been intended for *Lavage*, which, in familiar French, is used to express 'slop,' 'puddle,' 'washiness.' Something is to be said in favour of Jervis' proposed reading, '*Lapatch,*' *i.e.* 'patch' = clown, with the prefix '*la*' in imitation of '*Lafeu.*'

V. ii. 26. '*Similes of comfort*'; Theobald's certain emendation for the reading of the Folios, '*smiles of comfort.*'

V. iii. 65, 66.

> *'Our own love waking cries to see what's done,*
> *While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.'*

Johnson conjectured *'slept'* for *'sleeps,' i.e.* 'love cries to see what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done.' Mason proposed *'old'* for *'own.'* W. G. Clarke ingeniously emended *'shameful hate'* into *'shame full late,'* but the emendation destroys the antithesis between *'love'* and *'hate.'* It is best to leave the lines as they stand, though the words *'our own love'* are somewhat doubtful: the general meaning is simple enough.

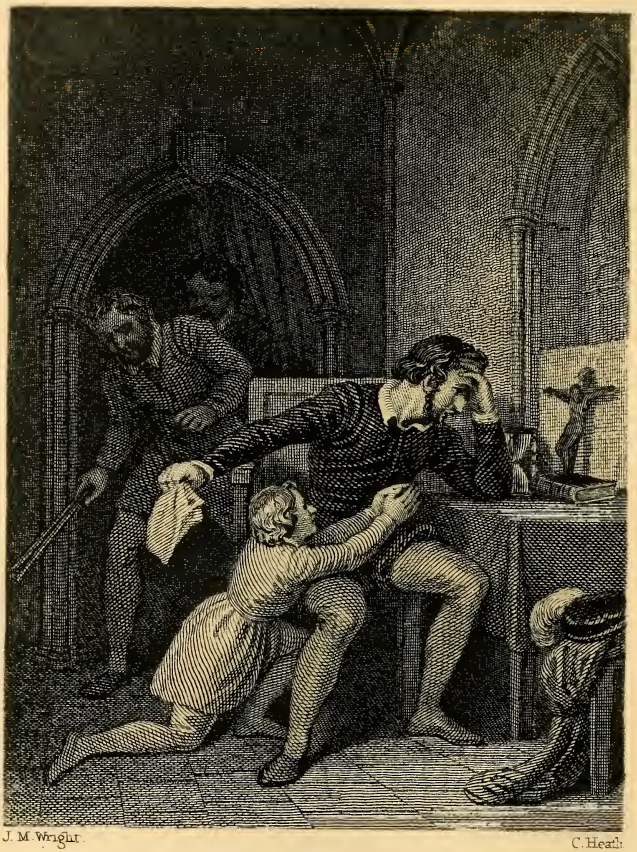
V. iii. 121. *'my fore-past proofs,'* etc., *i.e.* "the proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than sought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson).

V. iii. 194. *'He blushes, and 'tis it';* Folios *''tis hit,'* which has been variously explained as an Archaic form of 'it'; as an error for *''tis his,'* or *'is hit.'* It seems unnecessary to alter the Folio; *''tis hit'* can very well mean 'the blow has been well aimed, it has struck home,' 'it' being used impersonally.

V. iii. 215. *'Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace';* Walker's certain emendation of the Folio reading *'her insuite comming';* other suggestions have been made:—*'Her instant comity'* (Bubier); *'Her Jesuit cunning'* (Bulloch); *'Her own suit, coming'* (Perring).

Epil. 331. *'The King's a beggar';* an allusion to the old story of 'The King and the Beggar' (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques*), often referred to by Shakespeare; *cp. 'Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar'?* (*Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 108); similarly Richard II., V. iii. 80:—

> *'Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,*
> *And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."'*



J. M. Wright. C. Heath.

KING JOHN.

ARTHUR O, save me, Hubert, save me!

Act IV. Sc. I.

·SHAKESPEARE'S·
·HISTORIE·OF·THE·
·LIFE·&·DEATH·OF·
·KING·JOHN·

Hubert. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.
Arthur. Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no commaund should stand in force to murther.
Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordained a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur. I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.
Hubert. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arthur. Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.
Hubert. I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.
Arthur. His quarrell is vnhallowed false and wrong.
Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.
Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.
Arthur. Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolude I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

"*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,*"
Sc. xii.; cp. "*King John,*" iv. 1.

PREFACE.

The First Edition. *King John* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of 'Histories.' The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II. to that of Richard III., with King John and Henry VIII. respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John*.

Source of the Play. Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled '*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*,' printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was '*written by W. Sh.*;' in the later edition boldly expanded to '*W. Shakespeare.*'* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, *e.g.*:—

> "*The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,*
> *Whistle in concert I am Richard's son;*
> *The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,*
> *Records Philippus Regius filius;*
> *Birds in their flight make music with their wings,*
> *Filling the air with glory of my birth:*

* *Cp. Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*; Nichols' *Six Old Plays, etc.*).

Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
*Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son."**

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i.) there is no hero; (ii.) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii.) its Anti-Romish spirit which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv.) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge† and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest 'to hide her from lay men,' and then discovers 'Friar Lawrence' locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes

* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' must be carefully distinguished from Bale's '*Kynge Johan*' (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (*c.p.* Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

† Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who, though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewes.

the sentiment of his original: especially striking are the closing words of '*The Troublesome Raigne*' which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

> "*Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign*
> *And bloody wars are closed with happy league,*
> *Let England live but true within itself,*
> *And all the world can never wrong her state.*
> *Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France*
> *For never Frenchman got of English ground*
> *The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.*
> . . . . . .
> *If England's peers and people join in one,*
> *Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong.*"

'King John' and 'The Troublesome Raigne.' In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i.) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,* though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV.): (ii.) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii.) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,† but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv.) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e.g.* Constance,‡ Hubert, Pandulph, and es-

* Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, *e.g.* there is a scene in which the *five* '*moons*' actually appear.

† Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the *Magna Charta* in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne*.

‡ The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

> "*My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:*
> *When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?*

pecially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v.) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detracts from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi.) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John*.

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i.) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii.) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii.) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i.) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii.) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii.) that John 'contemned' the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an adapter*, Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part i.; *Forewords* to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part ii., Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894), etc.).

Date of Composition. *King John* is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, especially

> *Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.*
> *Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say*
> *She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:*
> *Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—*
> *Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."*

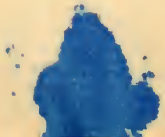
Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II.* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John.* The play may safely be dated *c.* 1595.

Duration of Action. The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The EARL OF PEMBROKE.
The EARL OF ESSEX.
The EARL OF SALISBURY.
The LORD BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.
PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.
QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Partly in England, and partly in France.*

THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*King John's palace.*

Enter **King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury,** *and others, with* **Chatillon.**

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of [France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrow'd majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you
That e'er I heard; shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip *his bastard brother.*

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman

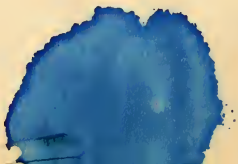
Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may. [mother
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? [born,
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head,
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—
Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf bred from his cow from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;

My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think. [bridge
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose [goes!'
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case. [tune,
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy for-
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France. [chance.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 't is dear.
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet. [hand:
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,



When I was got, sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so. [though?
Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot. [desire;
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'T is too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,



It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter **Lady Faulconbridge** *and* **James Gurney.**

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so? [boy,
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou. [awhile?
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There 's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:



We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg. [too,
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour? [knave?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil. [bridge?
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 't was not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*France. Before Angiers.*

Enter **Austria** *and forces, drums, &c., on one side: on the other* **King Philip** *of France and his power;* **Lewis, Arthur, Constance** *and* **Attendants.**

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter **King John, Elinor, Blanch,** *the* **Bastard, Lords,** *and forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace
Our just and lineal entrance to our own; [permit
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,



Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!
Bast. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.



Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps. [or no!

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; [eyes,
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth! [earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son. [will;

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temper-
It ill-beseems this presence to cry aim [ate:
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.



Trumpet sounds. Enter certain **Citizens** *upon the walls.*

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'T is France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.



K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'T is not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession? [subjects:
First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England 's
For him, and in his right, we hold this town. [in.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me
First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves
the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
And if not that, I bring you witnesses, [the king?
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
Bast. Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as
Bast. Some bastards too. [those,—
K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
That to their everlasting residence, [souls
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king! [arms!
K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to
Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door, [home,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll
In best appointment all our regiments. [set forth
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the **Herald of France**, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in, [gates,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, *with trumpet.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, *with their powers severally.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. [of blood,
K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms, [bear,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your
king? [the king.
First Cit. The king of England, when we know
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his
right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy? [heads,
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?
Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.
K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?
K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I 'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!
First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,

With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here 's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch.*
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now, that be
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should
In such a love so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.
K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?
Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine,
K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,
Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.
Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.
K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.
Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.
K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we
Will give her sadness very little cure. [have made
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;



And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The French King's pavilion.*

Enter **Constance, Arthur,** *and* **Salisbury.**

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone



Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings. [thee:
Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, *the* Bastard, Austria, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'T is true, fair daughter; and this blessed [day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.
Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury,
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!
K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!
Aust. Lady Constance, peace!
Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.



K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in [this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because —
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. [here
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her
But from her need. [faith,
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down! [this.
King J. The king is moved, and answers not to
Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!
Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout. [say.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to
Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed? [more,
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion, [swear'st,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven! [may
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour. [Time,
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.
Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.



K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let 's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, *with* Austria's *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *the* Bastard, Hubert, *and* Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force. [back,
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,



Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst:
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On towards Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's tent.*

Enter **King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph,** *and* **Attendants.**

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this? praise,
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter **Constance.**

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'T is strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so. fall?
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 't is wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— *A room in a castle.*

Enter **Hubert** *and* **Executioners.**

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter **Arthur.**

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent
He will awake my mercy which lies dead: prate
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch. [day:
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time, [grief?'
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter **Executioners**, *with a cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do. [out
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Executioners.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*King John's palace.*

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other* Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your high-
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased, [ness
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
[*Taking him apart.*
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I 'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France

That thou for truth givest out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard *and* Peter *of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so? [so.
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons!
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,— [a pause
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words, [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child. [peers,
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring

The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before the castle.*

Enter **Arthur**, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter **Pembroke, Salisbury,** *and* **Bigot.**

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 't will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the **Bastard.**

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so: we know the worst. [best.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 't were reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'T is true, to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. [beauty!
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Big. }

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a noble-man?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
Second a villain and a murderer? [bridge?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'T is not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum:
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [work?
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
That 'rt damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul —
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven! and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *King John's palace.*

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority. [French,
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues. [up,
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*
K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
Say that before Ascension-day at noon [prophet
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
But Dover castle: London hath received, [out
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the
An empty casket, where the jewel of life [streets,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den, [there?
And fright him there? and make him tremble
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh. [me,

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.*

Enter, in arms, **Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot,** *and* **Soldiers.**

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side

To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away the storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made

His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,

The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories. [door,
That hand which had the strength, even at your
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination. [peace;
Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.
Pand. Give me leave to speak.
Bast. No, I will speak.
Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war

Plead for our interest and our being here. [out;
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The field of battle.*

Alarums. *Enter* King John *and* Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-[bridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. [field.
Pom. They say King John sore sick hath left the

Enter Melun, *wounded.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight:
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE V.—*The French camp.*

Enter Lewis *and his train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,

But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the **Bastard** *and* **Hubert,** *severally.*

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think?
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide:
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter **Prince Henry, Salisbury,** *and* **Bigot.**

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter **Pembroke.**

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds be-
That, being brought into the open air, [lief
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death
should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, *and* Bigot, *carrying* King John *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare,—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.
P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!
K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.
Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;

For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY.

A'=he ; I. i. 68.
ABSEY BOOK, *i.e.* A B C book ; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism ; I. i. 196.
ABSTRACT, epitome, summary ; II. i. 101.
ADJUNCT, consequent ; III. iii. 57.
ADVANTAGE, profit, interest ; III. iii. 22.
ADVERSE, inimicable, hostile ; IV. ii. 172.
ADVICE, deliberate consideration ; III. iv. 11.
ADVISED, "well a.," considerate ; III. i. 5.
AERY, eagle's brood ; V. ii. 149.
AFFECTETH, resembleth ; I. i. 86.
AFFECTIONS, passions, feelings ; V. ii. 41.
AFFLICTION, afflicted one ; III. iv. 36.
AIM ; "cry a." ; an expression borrowed from archery=to encourage the archers by crying out *aim*, when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers ; II. i. 196.
AIRY, dwelling in the air ; III. ii. 2.
AMAZED, bewildered ; IV. ii. 137.
AN ; "an if" ; *an* used to emphasize *if* ; I. i. 138.
ANATOMY, skeleton ; III. iv. 40.
ANGEL ; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon ; II. i. 590 ; III. iii. 8 ; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence) ; V. ii. 64.
ANGERLY, angrily ; IV. i. 82.
ANGIERS, Angers, the capital of Anjou ; II. i. 1.
ANSWER, face ; V. vii. 60.
ANSWER'D, atoned ; IV. ii. 89.
APPARENT, plain, evident ; IV. ii. 93.
ARMADO, fleet of war-ships ; III. iv. 2.
ARMS, heraldic device ; IV. iii. 47.
ARMS, "in arms," armed ; III. i. 102 ; in embracement ; III. i. 103.
ARRAS, embroidered hangings which covered the walls ; IV. i. 2.
ARTICLES, particular items in a writing or discourse ; II. i. 111.
ARTIFICER, artisan ; IV. ii. 201.
ASPECT, look, air ; IV. ii. 72.
ASSURED, betrothed ; II. i. 535.
AT=by ; V. ii. 75.
ATE (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief ; II. i. 63.
AVAUNT, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away ! begone ! IV. iii. 77.
AWELESS, unawed, fearless ; I. i. 266.

BACK, go back ; V. ii. 78, 95.
BANK'D, sailed along the river-banks ; V. ii. 104.
BARE-RIBB'D, skeleton ; V. ii. 177.
BASTINADO, a sound beating ; II. i. 463.
BATED, abated, diminished ; V. iv. 53.
BATTLES, armies drawn up in battle array ; IV. ii. 78.
BECKS=beckons ; III. iii. 13.
BECOME, adorn, grace ; V. i. 55.
BEDLAM, lunatic ; II. i. 183
BEGUILED, cheated ; III. i. 99.
BEHALF ; "in right and true b.," on

behalf of the rightful and true claim ; I. i. 7.

BEHAVIOUR, "in my b.," *i.e.* "in the tone and character which I here assume" ; I. i. 3.

BEHOLDING, beholden ; I. i. 239.

BELDAMS, old women, hags ; used contemptuously ; IV. ii. 185.

BENT, directed, pointed ; II. i. 37.

BEQUEATH, transfer ; V. vii. 104.

BESHREW MY SOUL, a mild oath ; V. iv. 49.

BETIME, quickly, before it is too late ; IV. iii. 98.

BETTERS, superiors in rank ; I. i. 156.

BIAS, that which draws in a particular direction ; preponderant activity ; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side ; II. i. 574.

BLOOD, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit ; II. i. 461.

BLOOD ; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir ; III. iv. 147.

BLOODS, men of mettle ; II. i. 278.

BLOTS, disfigurements ; III. i. 45.

BOISTEROUS, rude, violent ; IV. i. 95.

BORROWED, false, counterfeit ; I. i. 4.

BOTTOMS, ships ; II. i. 73.

BOUGHT AND SOLD, betrayed ; V. iv. 10.

BOUNDS, boundaries ; III. i. 23.

BRABBLER, quarreller, noisy fellow ; V. ii. 162.

BRAVE, bravado, defiant speech ; V. ii. 159.

BRAVE, defy ; V. i. 70.

BREATHES, take breath ; III. ii. 4.

BRIEF, short document ; a legal term ; II. i. 103.

BRIEF IN HAND, speedily to be dispatched ; IV. iii. 158.

BROKE OUT, escaped ; V. vi. 24.

BROKE WITH, opened my heart, communicated ; IV. ii. 227.

BROKER, agent ; II. i. 568.

BROWS, walls (used figuratively) ; II. i. 38.

BUSS, kiss ; III. iv. 35.

BUT, except ; III. i. 92 ; but that ; IV. i. 128 ; "but now"=just now ; V. vii. 66.

BY THIS LIGHT, a mild oath ; I. i. 259.

CALF'S-SKIN, a coat made of calf's-skin ; the distinguishing garment of a fool ; III. i. 129.

CALL, a cry to entice birds to return ; III. iv. 175.

CANKER, corroding evil ; V. ii. 14.

CANKER'D, venomous, wicked ; II. i. 194.

CAPABLE OF, susceptible to ; III. i. 12.

CENSURED, judged ; II. i. 328.

CHAFED, (the Folios "cased" ; Theobald's emendation), enraged ; III. i. 259.

"CHAMPION OF OUR CHURCH" : "the King of France was styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King" ; III. i. 267.

CHAPS, jaws, the mouth ; II. i. 352.

CHASTISED, severely punished ; V. ii. 84.

CHATILLON (Chatillion, in the Folios) quadrisyllabic ; I. i. 30.

CHECK, control ; an allusion to the game of chess ; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century" (Staunton) : II. i. 123.

CHRISTENDOM, baptism, Christianity ; IV. i. 16.

CHURLISH, rough, rude ; II. i. 76 ; niggardly ; II. i. 519.

CINCTURE (Pope's reading ; Folios "*center*," perhaps = French *ceinture*), girdle ; IV. iii. 155.

CIRCUMSTANCE, details ; II. i. 7.

CLAP UP, join hands to ratify a compact ; III. i. 235.

CLEARLY, completely ; V. v. 7.

CLIMATE, region of the sky ; II. i. 344.

CLIPPETH ABOUT, embraceth ; V. ii. 34.

CLOSE, secret ; IV. ii. 72.

CLOSELY, secretly ; IV. i. 133.

CLOSET, private apartment ; IV. ii. 267.

CLOUTS; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a rag-doll; III. iv. 58.
CLUTCH, shut close; II. i. 589.
COCKER'D, pampered; V. i. 70.
COIL, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.
COLBRAND THE GIANT; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.
COLDLY, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.
COMMANDMENT ON, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.
COMMODITY, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.
COMPANIES=company; IV. ii. 167.
COMPOSITION, compact; II. i. 561.
COMPOUND, agree, settle; II. i. 281.
COMPULSION, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.
CONCEIT, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.
CONCLUDES, settles the matter; I. i. 127.
CONDUCT, escort, guard; I. i. 29.
CONFOUNDED, destroyed; V. vii. 58.
CONFUSION, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.
CONJURE, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.
CONSEQUENTLY, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.
CONTEMN'D, despised; V. ii. 13.
CONTROL, constraint; I. i. 17.
CONTROLMENT, compulsion; I. i. 20.
CONVERSION, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.
CONVERTITE, convert; V. i. 19.
CONVICTED. defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.
COOPS, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.
CORRUPTIBLY, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.
COUNTRIES; "man of c.," traveller; I. i. 193.
COUSIN, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.
COVETOUSNESS, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.
CRACKER, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.
CREATE, created; IV. i. 107.
CROSS'D, thwarted; III. i. 91.
CULL, choose out, select; II. i. 40.
CUSTOMED, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.

DEAD NEWS, news of death; V. vii. 65.
DEAFS=deafens; II. i. 147.
DEALT, acted; V. ii. 121.
DEAR; "my d. offence," "the offence which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.
DEFY, despise, renounce; III. iv. 23.
DEPARTED, parted; II. i. 563.
DEVICE, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.
DIM, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85
DISALLOW OF, refuse; I. i. 16.
DISCONTENTS, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.
DISHABITED, dislodged; II. i. 220.
DISPITEOUS, pitiless; IV. i. 34.
DISPOSE, disposal; I. i. 263.
DISPOSED, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.
DISTEMPER'D, disturbed by the elements; III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humoured; IV. iii. 21.
DOFF, take off; III. i. 128.
DOGGED, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.
DOMINATIONS, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.
DOUBT, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.
DOUBTLESS, free from fear; IV i. 130.
DOWN-TRODDEN, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.
DRAW, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.
DRAWN, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.
DREW, levied; V. ii. 113.
DUNGHILL; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (="dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.
DUST, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.

EAT, eaten; I. i. 234.
EFFECT, import, tenour; IV. i. 38.

EMBASSY, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6; I. i. 22.
EMBATTAILED, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.
EMBOUNDED, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.
ENDAMAGEMENT, injury, harm; II. i. 209.
ENFORCED, compelled; V. ii. 30.
ENFRANCHISEMENT, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.
EQUITY, justice; II. i. 241.
EVEN, exactly, just; III. i. 233.
EXCOMMUNICATE = excommunicated; III. i. 173.
EXERCISE; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.
EXHALATION, meteor; III. iv. 153.
EXPEDIENT, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.
EXPIRE, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.
EXTREMES, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.

FAIR, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.
FAIR FALL, fair fortune befall; I. i. 78.
FALL FROM, desert; III. i. 320.
FALL'N OFF, deserted; V. v. 11.
FANTASIED; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.
FASHION'D; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.
FAST AND LOOSE, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.
FEARFUL; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.
FEATURE, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.
FELL, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.
FENCE, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.
FETCH ABOUT, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.
FIELD, battle-field; V. i. 55.
FINE, punishment; V. iv. 37; V. iv. 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.
FLATS, low ground; V. vi. 40.
FLEET, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.
FLESH, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.
FLESHLY LAND, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.
FLOOD, ocean sea; III. iv. 1.
FLOUT, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.
FONDLY, foolishly; II. i. 258.
FOOTING; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.
FOR, because; II. i. 591.
FORAGE, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. 1. 59.
FOR BECAUSE=because; II. i. 588.
FORGO, give up, renounce; III. i. 207.
FORWEARIED, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233
FOSTER'D UP, reared; V. ii. 75.
FRANCE, the King of France; I. i. 1.
FROM, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151.
FULSOME, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

GALL, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94, 95.
GAWDS, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.
GIVE OFF, take off, give up; V. i. 27.
GIVE WAY, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.
GLISTER, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.
GONE, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.
GOOD DEN, good evening; I. i. 185.
GOODS, good, advantage; IV. ii. 64.
GRACIOUS, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.
GREENS, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.
GROSSLY, stupidly; III. i. 163, 168.
GUARD, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

HALF-FACED GROAT; groats and half-groats with a profile or half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.
HALTING, dilatory; V. ii. 174.
HANDKERCHER=handkerchief; IV. i. 42.

HARBOURAGE, shelter; II. i. 234.
HARNESS'D, dressed in armour; V. ii. 132.
HATCH, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.
HEAD OF WAR, armed force; V. ii. 113.
HEAT=heated; IV. i. 61.
HEINOUS, odious; III. iv. 90.
HENCE, hereafter; V. iv. 29.
HIS=its; IV. iii. 32.
HOLD, restrain; IV. ii. 82.
HOLDS HAND WITH, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 494.
HOLP, helped; I. i. 240.
HUMOROUS, capricious; III. i. 119.
HUMOURS, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.
HURLY=hurly-burly, confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.

IDLY, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.
IMPEACH, accuse; II. i. 116.
IMPORTANCE, importunity; II. i. 7.
IN=on; I. i. 99.
INDIFFERENCY, impartiality; II. i. 579.
INDIGEST, chaos; V. vii. 26.
INDIRECT, lawless, wrong; III. i. 275.
INDIRECTION, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.
INDIRECTLY, wrongfully; II. i. 49.
INDUSTRIOUS, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.
INFANT STATE, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.
INFORTUNATE, unfortunate; II. i. 178.
INGRATE, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.
INNOCENCY, innocence; IV. iii. 110.
INQUIRE OUT, seek out; IV. iii. 115.
INTELLIGENCE, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.
INTEREST TO, claim to: V. ii. 89.
INTERROGATORIES, a technical law-term: questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.
INVASIVE, invading; V. i. 69.
INVETERATE, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.

JOAN, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.
JOY, glad; III. iv. 107.

LASTING, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.
LIABLE, subject. II. i. 490; fit: IV. ii. 226; allied, associated; V. ii. 101.
LIEN=lain; IV. i. 50.
LIGHTNING; "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.
LIKE, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.
LIMITED, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.
LINE, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.
LINEAL, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.
LIST, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.
LITTER, a couch for ladies and sick persons in travelling; V. iii. 16.

MAKE UP, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.
MANAGE, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.
MATTER, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.
MAY, can; V. iv. 21.
MEAGRE, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.
MEANS, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.
MEASURES, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.
MIGHT, could, were able; II. i. 325.
MINION, favourite; II. i. 392.
MISTEMPERED = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.
MISTOOK, mistaken; III. i. 274.
MOCKING, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.
MODERN, commonplace; III. iv. 42.
MODULE, mould, image; V. vii. 58.
MOE, more; V. iv. 17.
MORE, greater; II. i. 34.
MORTAL, deadly; III. i. 259.
MOTION, impulse; I. i. 212.
MOUNTING, aspiring; I. i. 206.
MOUSING, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.

MUNITION, materials for war; V. ii. 98.
MUSE, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.
MUTINES, mutineers; II. i. 378.

NEW, lately; III. i. 233.
NICE; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III. iv. 138.
NOB, contemptuous diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.
NO HAD, had I not? IV. ii. 207.
NOTE; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.
NOTED, known; IV. ii. 21.

OCCASION, necessity, cause, II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities, IV. ii. 62; course of events, IV. ii. 125.
O'ERBEARING, bearing down, overpowering; III. iv. 9.
OF = from; III. iv. 55.
OFFEND, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.
OFFER, attempt; IV. ii. 94.
OPPOSITE, contrary; III. i. 254.
OPPRESSION; "our o." = oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.
OUT-FACED, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.
OUTLOOK, face down; V. ii. 115.
OUTWARD EYE; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; "the eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side, which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.
OVERBEAR, overrule; IV. ii. 37.
OWE, own; II. i. 109.

PAINTED, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.
PARLE, parley; II. i. 205.
PASS, refuse; II. i. 258.
PASSIONATE, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.
PAWNS, pledges; V. ii. 141.
PEERING O'ER = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.
PEEVISH, wayward; II. i. 402.
PEISED, poised, balanced: II. i. 575.
PENCIL, small brush used to lay on colours; III. i. 237.
PERADVENTURE, perhaps; V. vi. 31.
PEREMPTORY, determined; II. i. 454.
PERFECT, right, correct; V. vi. 6.
PHILIP! SPARROW; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's *Boke of Phylyp Sparowe*); I. i. 231.
PICKED, affected; I. i. 193.
PLOTS, positions; II. i. 40.
POSSESS'D WITH, informed of; IV. ii. 41.
POTENTS, potentates; II. i. 358.
POWERS, armed force; III. iii. 70.
PRACTISES, plots; IV. i. 20.
PRATE, prattle; IV. i. 25.
PRECEDENT, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.
PRESAGES, prognostications; III. iv. 158.
PRESENCE; "lord of thy p.," lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.
PRESENTLY, immediately; V. vii. 86.
PRINCES = lords; V. vii. 97.
PRIVATE, private communication; IV. iii. 16.
PRODIGIOUSLY, by the birth of a monster; III. i. 91.
PROPERTIED, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.
PROVOKE, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.
PUISSANCE, armed force; III. i. 339.
PURE, clear; V. vii. 2.
PURPLED HANDS, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.
PURPOSE, "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.
PUT O'ER, refer; I. i. 62.
PYRENEAN, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.

QUANTITY, small portion; V. iv. 23.
QUARTER; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.
QUOTED, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.

RAGE = rave; V. vii. 11.
RAMPING, rampant; III. i. 122.
RANKNESS, fulness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.
REASON, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.

RECREANT, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.
REFUSE, reject, disown; I. i. 127.
REGREET, greeting; III. i. 241.
REMEMBERS, reminds; III. iv. 96.
REMEMBRANCE, memory (quadrisyllabic), V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.
REMORSE, compassion; II. i. 478.
RESOLVED, resolute; V. vi. 29.
RESOLVETH, melteth; V. iv. 25.
RESPECT, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.
RESPECTIVE, showing respect; I. i. 188.
REST, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.
RETIRE THEMSELVES=retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.
REVOLTS, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.
RHEUM, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.
RIBS, walls; II. i. 384.
RIPE, ripen; II. i. 472.
ROUNDED, whispered; II. i. 566.
ROUNDURE, enclosure; II. i. 259.
RUB, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.
RUMOUR, din, tumult; V. iv. 45.

SAFETY, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.
SAVAGERY, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.
SCAMBLE = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.
SCATH, injury, damage; II. i. 75.
SCOPE OF NATURE, natural effect (Pope "scape" *i.e.* freak); III. iv. 154.
SCROYLES, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.
SECONDARY, subordinate; V. ii. 80.
SECURE, free from care; IV. i. 130.
SEMBLANCE, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.
SET, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.
SET FORWARD, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.
SHADOW, reflection; II. i. 498.
SHADOWING, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.
SHALL, must; V. ii. 78.
SHREWD, evil, bad; V. v. 14.
SHROUDS, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.
SICK SERVICE, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.
SIGHTLESS, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.
SIGN'D, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.
SET, close; V. vii. 51.
SKIN-COAT, *i.e.* lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.
SMACKS, savours; II. i. 396.
SMOKE, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.
So = if only; IV. i. 17.
SOLE, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.
SOLEMNITY, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.
SOOTH, truth; IV. i. 29.
SOOTHEST UP, dost flatter ("up" used intensitively); III. i. 121.
SOUL-FEARING, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.
SOUND, give voice to, proclaim; IV. ii. 48.
SOUSE, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.
SPED, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.
SPEND, waste; V. ii. 39.
SPIRIT, monosyllabic; II. i. 232; V. i. 53.
SPLEEN, heat, passion; IV. iii. 97.
SPOT, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 30.
SPRIGHTFUL, full of spirit, high-spirited; IV. ii. 177.
STAFF, lance; II. i. 318.
STATE, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.
STATES, lords of high estate; II. i. 395.
STAY, a peremptory check, a command to stop; II. i. 455.
STILL, continually; V. vii. 37.
STILL AND ANON, now and again; IV. i. 47.
STRAIGHT, straightway; II. i. 149.
STRAIT, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.
STRANGER, foreign; V. i. 11.
STUMBLING NIGHT, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.
SUDDEN, quick, hasty, IV. i. 27; unprepared, V. vi. 26.
SUGGESTIONS, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 292.

SUPERNAL, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.
SUSPIRE, draw breath; III. iv. 80.
SWINGED, thrashed, whipped; II. i. 288.

TABLE, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.
TAKE = make; III. i. 17.
TARRE ON, set on, incite; IV. i. 117.
TASK (Theobald's correction of "*tast*" of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 148.
TASTE, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.
TEMPORIZE, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.
TERRITORIES, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.
THEN, than; IV. ii. 42.
THREATS, threatens; III. i. 347.
TICKLING, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.
TIDES; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.
TIME'S ENEMIES, the enemies of the times, *i.e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.
TITHE, take a tithe; III. i. 154.
TO, added to; I. i. 144.
TOASTING-IRON, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.
TOLL, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.
TONGUE, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.
TOOK IT ON HIS DEATH, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.
TOPFUL, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.
TOTTERING, tattered; V. v. 7.
TOUCH'D AND TRIED, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.
TOWERS, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.
TOYS, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.
TRICK, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.
TRUE; "my t. defence," *i.e.* "the defence of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.

UNADVISED, without due thought, consideration; II. i. 45; rash, II. i. 191.
UNCONSTANT=inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.
UNDER-BEAR, bear, endure; III. i. 65.
UNDERPROP, support; V. ii. 99.
UNDER-WROUGHT, undermined; II. i. 95.
UNDESERVED, not merited; IV. i. 108.
UNHAIR'D (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1), beardless; V. ii. 133.
UNMATCHABLE, not able to be equalled; IV. iii. 52.
UNOWED, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.
UNREVEREND, disrespectful; I. i. 227.
UNRULY, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.
UNSURED, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.
UNTHREAD THE RUDE EYE, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald "*untread*"; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.
UNURGED, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.
UNVEX'D, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.
UP, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.
UPON, on the side of, I. i. 34; on account of, II. i. 597.

VEX'D, disquieted; III. i. 17.
VOLQUESSEN, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.
VOLUNTARIES, volunteers; II. i. 67.

WAFT = wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.
WAIT UPON, attend; V. vii. 98.

WALKS; "wildly w.," *i.e.* goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.
WALL-EYED, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is discoloured or wanting in colour"); IV. iii. 49.
WANT, lack; IV. i. 99.
WANTON, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.
WANTONNESS, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.
WARN'D, summoned; II. i. 201.
WATCHFUL, "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.
WAY, line of descent; V. vi. 11.
WEAL, common-wealth, IV. ii. 65; welfare, IV. ii. 66.
WEAR OUT, let come to an end; III. i. 110.
WEATHER, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.
WHAT! an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.
WHAT THOUGH, what does it matter! I. i. 169.
WHET ON, incite; III. iv. 181.
WHETHER (Folios, "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.
WILFUL-OPPOSITE, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.
WIND UP, furl together; V. ii. 73.
WINKING, closed; II. i. 215.
WITH = by; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.
WORSHIP, honour, dignity; IV. iii. 72.
WRESTED, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.

YET, as yet; II. i. 361.
YON, yonder; III. iii. 60.
YOU = for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.

ZEAL, ardour, intense endeavour; II. i. 565.
ZOUNDS; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

NOTES.

I. i. 20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first '*controlment*' in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

Contról/ment fór/ contrólment // so áns/wer Fránce.

I. i. 28. '*sullen presage of your own decay*'; there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.

I. i. 49. '*expedition's*'; first Folio *expeditious;* an obvious misprint.

I. i. 54. '*Cœur-de-lion*'; '*Cordelion*' in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

'*knighted in the field*'; in '*The Troublesome Reign*' he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.

I. i. 85. '*trick*'; it has been suggested that '*trick*' is used here in the heraldic sense of 'copy'; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.

I. i. 139. '*sir Robert's his*,' so the Folios; Theobald proposed '*sir Robert his*,' regarding '*his*' as the old genitive form;

Vaughan '*just sir Robert's shape*'; Schmidt takes the '*'s his*' as a reduplicative possessive. Surely '*his*' is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to 'his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's'; 'sir Robert's his'='*sir Robert's shape*,' '*his*' emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.

I. i. 143. '*Look, where three-farthings goes*'; three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear.

I. i. 147. '*I would not*'; Folio 1 reads '*It would not*,' probably a misprint, though Delius makes '*it*' refer to '*His face*.'

I. i. 234–5. '*eat his part upon Good-Friday*'; evidently a popular proverb, *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs*:

> '*He may his part on Good Friday eat,*
> *And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat*' (i. e. *get*).

I. i. 244. '*Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like*'; an allusion to the old play called '*Soliman and Perseda*' (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

> Bas. '*I the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—*
> Pist. *Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.*'
> (*cp.* Dodsley's *Old Plays, ed.* Hazlitt, *Vol. v.* 271-2.)

II. i. 2. '*that great forerunner of thy blood*'; Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.

II. i. 5. '*by this brave duke*,' so the old play. Richard was,

however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.

II. i. 64. '*her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain*,' *i.e.* her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII. King of Castile.

II. i. 65. '*of the king's deceased*,' *i.e.* '*of the deceased king*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*king*'; but Folio 1,'*kings*'='*king's*' is idiomatically correct.

II. i. 103. '*huge*'; Rowe read '*large*,' doubtless a misprint for '*huge*' restored by Capell.

II. i. 113. '*breast*'; Folio 1, '*beast*.'

II. i. 119. '*Excuse; it is*,' etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, '*Excuse it is*'; Rowe (ed. 2), '*Excuse it, 'tis*.'

II. i. 137. '*of whom the proverb goes*,' *i. e.* '*Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant*'; *cp.* Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, '*Hares may pull dead lions by the beard*.'

II. i. 144. '*Great Alcides' shows upon an ass*'; alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read '*shooes*'; the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.

II. i. 149. '*King Philip*,' etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with '*King Lewis*' instead of '*King Philip*'; the error was first corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 152. '*Anjou*,' Theobald's correction of '*Angiers*' of the Folios.

II. i. 156. '*Bretagne*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Britaine*'; Folio 3, '*Britain*'; Folio 4, '*Brittain*.'

II. i. 159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.

II. i. 160, 161. '*it*,' old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*yt . . . it*'; Johnson, '*it' . . . it*'; Capell; '*it's . . . it's*.' In the Lancashire dialect '*hit*' is still the common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.

II. i. 167. '*whether*,' monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*where*'; Folio 4, '*whe're*.'

II. i. 177. *'this is thy eld'st';* Capell's emendation of the Folios, *'this is thy eldest';* Fleay proposed *'this' thy eld'st';* Ritson, *'thy eld'st,'* omitting *'this is.'*

II. i. 180. *'the canon of the law,' cp.* Exodus xx. 5.

II. i. 187. *'And with her plague; her sin his injury,'* etc.; the Folios, *'And with her plague her sin: his injury,'* etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."

II. i. 196. *'aim';* Folio 1, *'ayme';* Folios 2, 3, 4, *'ay me';* Rowe conjectured *'amen';* Moberly, *'hem';* Jackson, *'shame';* Johnson, *'j'aime.'*

II. i. 215. *'Confronts your,'* Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, *'Comfort yours';* Folios 3, 4, *'Comfort your';* Rowe suggested, *'Confront your';* Collier, *'Come 'fore your.'*

II. i. 217. *'waist';* Folios 1, 2, 3, *'waste';* Folio 4, *'waiste';* *'doth';* the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, *'do.'*

II. i. 234. *'Crave,'* so Pope; Folios read *'Craues.'*

II. i. 259. *'roundure,'* so Capell; Folios read *'rounder';* Singer, *'rondure.'*

II. i. 262. *'rude';* Williams conjectured *'wide.'*

II. i. 323. *'Dyed';* Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Dide';* Folio 4, *'dy'd.'* Pope suggested *'Stain'd';* Vaughan, *'Dipp'd.'*

II. i. 325. In the Folios 'the first citizen' is throughout named 'Hubert,' in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.

II. i. 335. *'run,'* so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'rome';* Malone reads, *'roam';* Nicholson conjectured, *'foam.'*

II. i. 353. *'fangs,'* Steevens' spelling for *'phangs'* of the Folios.

II. i. 358. *'equal-potents';* Collier reads *'equal potent';* Delius, *'equal-potents';* Dyce, *'equal-potent.'*

'fiery kindled,' so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'fierie kindled';* Pope, *'fiery-kindled';* Collier (ed. 2), *'fire-ykindled';* Lettsom conjectures *'fire-enkindled.'*

II. i. 371. *'King'd of our fears';* the Folios, *'Kings of our fear';* the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.

II. i. 378. *'the mutines of Jerusalem,' i.e.* the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the 'Joseppon,' as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602.

II. i. 425. *'Dauphin,'* so Rowe; Folios, *'Dolphin'* (*passim*).

II. i. 584. *'aid';* Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture) *'aim.'*

III. i. 16–17. *'thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits,'* etc.; Rowe's emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, *'jest . . . spirits.'*

III. i. 148. *'task,'* Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, *'tast';* Folios 3, 4, *'taste';* Rowe conjectured *'tax.'*

III. i. 209. *'new untrimmed bride';* so the Folios; Theobald, *'new and trimmed,'* or, *'new untamed,' 'new betrimmed';* Dyce, *'new-uptrimmed.'* Staunton was probably right when he suggested that *'untrimmed'* is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.

III. i. 259. *'chafed lion';* Theobald's correction of the Folios, *'cased.'*

III. i. 280–4. In the First Folio the reading is:—

> *'But thou hast sworn against religion:*
> *By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,*
> *And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*

Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn.'

In line 281 a plausible emendation is '*swar'st*' (='*swor'st*') for the second '*swear'st.*' '*By what*'='in so far as'; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first '*truth*' as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning 'troth': lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semicolon after '*unsure,*' and rendering 'to swear' with the force of 'if a man swear.'

III. ii. 4. '*Philip*'; Theobald, '*Richard*'; the error was probably Shakespeare's; '*Philip*' was '*Sir Richard.*'

III. iii. 26. '*time,*' Pope's emendation for '*tune*' of the Folios.

III. iii. 39. '*Sound on into the drowsy race of night*'; so the Folios; Dyce and Staunton, '*ear*'; Bulloch, '*face,*' etc. Theobald suggested '*sound one unto,*' as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.

III. iii. 52. '*brooded watchful day*'; Pope's '*broad-ey'd,*' Mitford's '*broad and,*' and various emendations have been proposed; but '*brooded,*'='having a brood to watch over,' hence '*brooding*'='sitting on brood.'

III. iii. 72. '*attend on you,*' so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*to attend*'; Pope reads '*t' attend.*'

III. iv. 2. '*convicted,*' *i.e.* 'overcome'; there is perhaps a reference here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed '*collected*'; other suggestions have been '*convented,*' '*connected,*' '*combined,*' '*convexed,*' etc.

III. iv. 6. '*Is not Angiers lost?*' etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.

III. iv. 44. '*not holy,*' so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*holy*'; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) '*unholy.*'

III. iv. 64. '*friends.*' Rowe's emendation of '*fiends*' of the Folios.

III. iv. 98. '*Then have I reason to be fond of grief*,' Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read '*Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?*'; Folio 4, '*Then . . . grief?*'

III. iv. 110. '*world's taste*,' Pope's emendation of the Folios, '*words taste*'; Jackson's conjecture, '*word, state.*'

III. iv. 182. '*strong actions*,' so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints '*strange actions.*'

IV. i. 92. '*mote*,' Steevens' emendation for '*moth*' of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.

IV. ii. 42. '*then lesser is my fear*,' so Folio 1; '*then*' a common spelling of 'than' in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*then less is my fear*'; Pope, '*the lesser is my fear.*'

IV. ii. 50. '*myself and them*'=(perhaps) '*myself and themselves*'; hence the ungrammatical '*them.*'

IV. ii. 65. '*than whereupon our weal*,' etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'we ask for his liberty only in so far as the commonwealth (*i.e.* '*our weal, on you depending*') counts it your welfare,' etc.

IV. ii. 117. '*care*'; it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads '*eare*' or '*care*'; the other Folios '*care.*' There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that '*care*' was corrected to '*eare*' in some copies of the First Folio.

IV. ii. 120. '*first of April*'; according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.

IV. ii. 123. '*Three days before*'; Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August 1201.

IV. ii. 147. '*a prophet*,' *i.e.* Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).

IV. iii. 11. '*him*'=the Dauphin.

V. i. 8. '*counties*'; it is difficult to determine whether '*counties*'=(i.) 'counts,' *i.e.* 'the nobility,' or (ii.) 'the divisions of the country': probably the former.

V. ii. 1. '*this*,' *i.e.* 'this compact with the English lords.'

V. ii. 27. '*step after a stranger, march,*' so the Folios; Theobald '*stranger march,*' but the original reading seems preferable.

V. ii. 36. '*grapple,*' Pope's emendation of '*cripple*' of the Folios; Steevens conjectured '*gripple,*' Gould '*couple.*'

V. ii. 59. '*Full of warm blood,*' Heath's conjecture for '*Full warm of blood*' of the Folios.

V. ii. 64. '*an angel spake*'; '*angel*' used probably equivocally with a play upon '*angel*' the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous '*purse,*' '*nobles.*'

V. ii. 133. '*unhair'd,*' Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1, '*vnheard*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*unheard*'; Keightly proposed '*unbeard.*'

V. iii. 8. '*Swinstead,*' so in '*The Troublesome Reign*'; 'Swinstead'=Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

V. iv. 15. '*He,*' *i.e.* the Dauphin; perhaps '*lords*' in the previous line is an error for '*lord.*'

V. iv. 24–5. '*even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire,*' alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.

V. iv. 60. '*Right in thine eye*'; it has been suggested that '*right*' is a misprint for '*riot*'; '*pight,*' '*fight,*' '*fright,*' etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.

V. vi. 12. '*eyeless night,*' Theobald's emendation of the Folios, '*endles.*'

V. vii. 16. '*Leaves them invisible, and his siege*'; so Folio 1; the other Folios, '*and her siege*'; Pope, '*leaves them; invisible his siege*'; Hanmer, '*leaves them insensible; his siege*'; Steevens, '*invincible*'; etc.

V. vii. 21. '*cygnet*'; Rowe's correction of '*Symet*' of the Folios.

SHERMAN & CO., PRINTERS, PHILADELPHIA.

Date Due

27Jul'28

APR 0 1 2000

DEC 0 5 1999

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA
3 1262 05599 6150

822.33
Jg
v.4

822.33 Jg v.4
Shakespeare, William.
AUTHOR
The Winters Tale.
TITLE
2830
DATE DUE
BORROWER'S NAME
Dr Tam

Withdrawn from UF. Surveyed to Internet Archive